

# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 445,000 Copies Sold Every Week

April 5, 1941

Registered in Australia for transmission  
by post as a newspaper.

PUBLISHED IN  
EVERY STATE

PRICE

3<sup>d</sup>



KITTY FOYLE  
*as Santry sees her.*

JOHN SANTRY

Commencing new serial — **"KITTY FOYLE"** — world's best seller

# Women Marry Men



They make the choice and do the courting

By A CONFIRMED BACHELOR

I know you girls will be very annoyed about this story, and that's why I'm not telling you my name.

But as a bachelor of 47 years' standing, as one who, in the capacity of best man, has seen dozens of his best friends led to the slaughter—altar, I mean—I'm convinced that women marry men and not men women.

I MEAN that, contrary to popular belief, it's the women who choose their men, do the courting, incite them to propose, and drag them off happily to be married.

The brides usually plan the time and place of the wedding, make the arrangements, and select the minister.

They are more interested in the words of the ceremony than are men, often want them changed, and I have known at least two who asked for the deletion of the word "obey."

Brides seem to know instinctively that men are always nervous before the service.

As best man I have often tried to calm the bridegroom. His nervousness seems to me not so much because

"... DRAGS HIM off happily to be married."

cause he may make a mistake during the ceremony as to doubts about whether he really should get married or not.

Afterwards I have noticed how few men kiss the bride, however, compared with the number of women who kiss the groom.

Before I learned a little about the psychology of women I used to look for the bride to object to having other women kiss her man, but I came to understand that she accepts and even expects it as a tribute to her prowess and good taste.

It is one of the finer points in the feminine code. For a girl friend of the bride not to kiss the groom is an insult to her, but to kiss him twice is a declaration of war.

The groom is usually surprised and nervous about being kissed until he sees that his bride doesn't object, and then, for the first time, he begins to enjoy the occasion.

But I have never yet seen a groom who really appreciated having his men friends kiss his bride.

Several I have known to protest, and I recall a very embarrassing occasion when a belligerent bridegroom announced loudly that any man who kissed his newly-acquired wife would have to fight him.

## Bride agreed

I WAS once present at a wedding in a house, when a widower, marrying his second wife, asked that the ceremony take place beneath a large framed photograph of the first wife.

This seemed to me in horribly bad taste, but the bride did not appear to object.

At the end of the ceremony the bridegroom, pointing to the picture, said in a stage whisper, "I hope this one will be as good as the first, but I have my doubts."

Most of the guests heard. There was a ghastly silence, but the bride said firmly, "I am sure she will."

I wondered about this, for I knew neither party very well, but I had noticed that the bride looked like the famous painting of the Mona Lisa.

Her perfect poise and glint of sly humor seemed to say, "I know what I'm doing. I expected something like this. But don't be disturbed. We women can manage men."

I learned afterwards that she was a woman who had worked hard for her living, and wanted a comfortable home and an assured income.

She didn't mind putting up with her companions with the first wife. She knew she could cope with him. Mind you, I will admit that there are a number of women these days who don't want to marry any more than I do. They have work and

OF NEW SOUTH WALES money, and can look after themselves.

But when a woman really wants to marry a man, beware! I have had some narrow escapes myself.

Several young women, friends of mine, knowing my determination to remain a bachelor, have nevertheless asked me to find them husbands.

They are very earnest and frank about it. All they want is an introduction to any eligible and desirable young man whom I will recommend, and they will do the rest.

Of course, I am aware that there are still many instances where men do marry women.

## Woos and wins her

OFTEN a man sees a woman he likes, seeks an introduction, and deliberately woos her until he wins her in spite of many handicaps, including her own dislike of him at first acquaintance or sight.

That is the traditional way courtship and marriage are supposed to take place, and that is the way a man wishes matters to go.

He wishes it that way so strongly that he sometimes overlooks little evidences pointing the other way.

He may be unaware that his first sight of the woman was not so accidental as he thought.

She may have seen him several times before he saw her and perhaps she planned just when and where and in what dress she should first meet his attentive gaze.

And her ignoring of him or even her expressed dislike may have been merely to pique his curiosity and stimulate his interest.

How well wise women know that a worthwhile man is a fighter at heart and takes pride in storming the citadel after a long and arduous siege! How well they know that lack of opposition soon brings loss of interest!

Sometimes, however, neither sex can be said to be the aggressor.

It is a sort of simultaneous recognition of a mutual interest—love at first sight on both sides. But this sort of courtship is rare.

Based on careful observation and long experience, my estimate of the relative frequency of the three types would be: mutual courtship, five per cent.; man marries woman, twenty per cent.; woman marries man, seventy-five per cent.

As to whether this state of affairs is desirable I am not sure.

Judged by high divorce figures, it might be better if men did the marrying.

But then I mightn't be best man so often, and I do enjoy a good wedding reception!

## Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



LORD LOTHIAN

... naval tradition

SHY, eighteen-year-old Oxford student Peter Kerr is England's most eligible bachelor peer. He became twelfth Marquis of Lothian on the death of his cousin, Lord Lothian, British Ambassador to the United States.

Is keen about music, history, literature and sport. Is joining the Royal Navy... like his father and grandfather.



—Broothorn.

MISS HETTY GILBERT

... educational reforms

FOR the first time in its history the Victorian Teachers' Union has a woman president. She is Miss Hetty Gilbert, who has been vice-president for six years.

An advocate of educational reforms, she believes that Federal aid for education has become a necessity, and advocates three reforms—smaller classes, provision for securing a high standard of national fitness, and the raising of the school leaving age.



COLONEL W. DONOVAN

... America's "Wild Bill"

UNITED STATES mystery man number 1 is Colonel W. ("Wild Bill") Donovan. Latest of many secret missions undertaken for the U.S. Government was his recent tour of the Mediterranean as President Roosevelt's personal envoy, when he discussed political, economic, and military problems with leaders of fourteen countries.

Put yourself in this scene...

Perfect romance does not belong to fiction only, it can be the experience of every girl—if she but understands the art of fascination and how to appear well-groomed. But one thing all men admire is a soft, adorable complexion. In this, Erasmic Face Powder can add that smooth, pearl-like lustre. Delicate as a butterfly's wing, Erasmic clings closely and evenly—its haunting fragrance surrounding the wearer with a suggestion of unforgettable charm.

**ERASMIC FACE POWDER**

RACHEL, PEACH, BRUNETTE, SUNTAN and NATURAL: Erasmic Cream (Vanishing & Cold) 1/1 tube

# Kitty Foyle

**Beginning the frank and moving story of the intimate life of a modern business girl**

by

**Christopher MORLEY**

**W**HAT a grand guy. Sometimes he used to sneak a noddler of whisky in the forenoon, against doctor's orders. "What I like about this Daylight Saving, you don't have to wait so long for a drink."

Once in a while, when I'm fixing in front of the glass, I give myself a wink. I can catch just a shadow of that mischief look of his when he took the bottle from the cupboard. He said, "Rum, Rheumatism, and Rebellion," as he felt the stuff warm up his gullets. That wasn't a bad summary of his troubles.

"Pop's Rheumatism" was one of the sayings of my childhood. It made things different in lots of ways. Nowadays I guess they'd call it arthritis or sciatica or maybe allergy. Whatever it was I've a notion he earned it. That, and because he worked nights, gave me the feeling as a kid that our house wasn't quite like others. I was ashamed of this, but naturally I wouldn't admit it, and used it as an excuse for boasting. It was people who worked at night, Mother said, were really winning the War, and I passed this on at school.

Pop was night foreman at the machine shop, they worked right round the clock in those days, making some kind of timers for shells. Backing up Ed, Pop called it. Ed was somewhere in France. After being on the job all night, the old man slept until afternoon.

To keep me quiet I was allowed to go in the Front Room, where I counted the pleats in that fan-paper in the grate or played with the toy snow-storm inside a glass ball. Fine days I was sent out to sit on the front porch.

I guess I made a racket one day and was shipped out in a hurry. The old mail carrier came along. It was big doings when he brought one of those Y.M.C.A. envelopes from Ed. "Here's a letter from General Pershing," he used to say. This time he found me sitting there. "Hullo, sister, you look kind of sorrowful."

"I forgot Pop was asleep. I'm being punished."

**S**ITTING on the steps ties up with something big that happened about the same time. That was the return of the Keystone Division, 1919, I guess. I was eight years old, and Pop took Mother and me downtown to see the Parade. Brother Ed was in it, and we must have had some kind of pass to let us through the police lines; anyhow we stood at the front of the pavement on South Broad Street, and watched them go by.

I remember the scuff-scuff-scuff of all those heavy boots on the smooth street, and the statue of William Penn high up above. I had that statue mixed up in my mind with God, he was looking the other way, and not paying any attention. As a matter of fact, he was looking towards Frankford. I didn't notice faces or flags or uniforms, I was so thrilled by that rhythm of feet. Then it scared me, it was almost like being hypnotised, the whole street swayed and trembled, and I felt sick. Mother was angry at me for crying, and Pop lifted me on his shoulder.

Afterwards he took us to Dooner's for lunch. Ed joined us there when his company was dismissed, and the most exciting thing I remember was him saying something that shocked Mother, who said she knew the men would be vulgar if they came to Dooner's.

They had quite a squawk about it. The old man said, "Ed, you can lick the Boches, but you can't lick Germantown." Mother came from Germantown, which is pretty much the top shelf compared to Frankford. Then we had trouble getting home, because the town was full of parades—or maybe I'm thinking of Armistice Day, in 1918?

Anyhow, on account of the crowd the only way we could get down to the street-car was to join a procession that was marching along Chestnut Street to the State House. Poor Mother said she never expected to be found crying in the middle of Chestnut Street.

I did the same thing in a dream once; I mean, marching in a procession because I needed to get somewhere in a hurry. That means something special to me. Lots of times you have to pretend to join a parade in which you're not really interested, in order to get where you're going.

Dooner's famous old hotel for men, ladies admitted only in the dining-room, was another big name. Pop had been going there ever since he was a young fellow. When he had



Illustrated by SANTRY

to give up the machine shop, and got a job as night watchman in the Federal Building, he used to go to Dooner's for breakfast before coming home.

Mother resented Dooner's, partly on account of the Kelly Street Business Men's Association. That was a sort of club of the steady customers; not always so steady either. Kelly Street was the little alley alongside the hotel. They had dinners where Pop usually got into some kind of humorous brawl with the Papists, he being Londonderry Protestant. Just calling his heavy overcoat an Ulster was enough to start something when they were all in the mood.

One time he came home with a black eye, that must have been before I was born, but Mother was still talking about it. There was some family joke about it turning both green and orange, so at least

it was impartial. After Mother died, Pop said it wasn't much fun to go to Dooner's any more, because there wasn't any one to ride him about it. Then the old place closed up. I remember that, because it was a big year for me, 1924.

**I**T wasn't long after that, other things shut down on him, too; his health. When anything goes wrong with a man he sure lets you hear about it. If they've been athletes, like Pop, I guess they just think of bodies as something to have fun with, until the works begin to gum up. They don't realise, the way women have to, it's a complicated piece of doings.

It was queer something always happened just when we thought the breaks were coming our way. Pop had worked like a dog, and he was crazy ambitious for Mac and me. Denny and Ed were so much older there was no use worrying about

"See if you can get me the 'Pope's telephone number'." Pop said to me with a wink, as Mother went off.

them. Denny was a grown man earning his living when I was born. Pop used to say, Denny moved out to Cincinnati and married a stern-wheeler.

Pop wanted Mac to go to Haverford, and then that very year 1917 came the war. Ten years later he set his heart on me getting a chance. I was out in Manitou then, living with Uncle Elmer and Aunt Hattie. I was all set to stay in Illinois and go through Prairie College, but I just got started when Pop had his trouble, and I went back to Philly to take care of him.

The old man and I were mighty close to each other. I guess it was me tagging along so far behind the rest, and then Mother dying when I was ten, and the old man being home daytimes. He was good company, I guess it was the Irish in him.

Then he'd get what he called his black streak; you could see the darkness come out on his face like he'd swallowed something. "Kitty, get out of here, I got to be by myself."

Myrtle would say, "What's wrong, honey, has he gone Irish? You run out on the street and play." Usually I took my jacks out on the front porch until someone came along and we'd jump hooptoch by the Methodist church.

I know more about it now. I'm never quite sure what I think about things when I'm with someone. Either I'm likely to be putting on an act, or else I'm thinking how much smarter they are than me, and I better agree with them. You've got to get back into yourself to chew things over.

Please turn to page 36



## BORN SOLDIER

*"I don't want to frighten you, Miss Gale," said the major, "but I'm afraid we're booked for trouble."*

**T**HEY said Ian Orme, in spite of his meteoric start, would never make good in pictures; his heart wasn't in the work, somehow.

Some suggested that the whole thing was a pose and his refusal to play the lead in "Mountain Gunner" was due to swelled head. But even after he accepted the part (the morning he heard Daphne Gale was to co-star in the picture) everyone said he'd never stick it out.

For once, everyone was right, so everyone, including Ian Orme, was satisfied.

Perhaps his hesitation was due to getting too many easy breaks at the start of his career. He'd turned up in Hollywood a couple of years ago and fallen straight into a big part in "The Kiss of the Khyber."

Central Casting Bureau had sent him over to play a British officer of Indian Cavalry and he'd nearly walked away with the picture. Even the casting director said he was a find. So when the studio followed their success up with "Mountain Gunner" (which also dealt with India's north-west Frontier) they offered Ian the lead.

But he said he'd rather not; the sequences in which he'd appeared in "The Kiss of the Khyber" had been shot in Hollywood; to go out to India was far too big an undertaking.

They pointed out they were only scheduled to stay on the Frontier about ten days; they could get all the other shots they wanted when

they got back. And they'd fixed up with the Government of India for accommodation at Fort Regale, where they shot their first picture. Still, it wasn't till they cast Daphne Gale that Ian said he'd go. In fact, after another look at Daphne, he said he'd be glad to go.

But by the time they'd arrived on the Frontier further trouble had developed. Daphne Gale had started to lose interest in the picture.

As their convoy made the last mile of the journey from the railhead she leaned from the saddle of her swaying camel and said:

"I'm beginning to get your slant on this, Ian. There's something big about this place; big and rather frightening. Its impressiveness makes me feel sort of mean. And it makes our play-acting all out of focus, somehow."

Ian spoke sharply. "For goodness' sake, don't start getting whimsies, Daphne. Let's get this picture over. I shall be glad to get away. I hate it, here."

He pointed with his fly-switch to the sheer walls of rock on either side of the dry river-bed down which they rode. The strata had been heaved up perpendicularly by some long-forgotten earthquake, and streaks of pastel color, ranging from purple to pale yellow, barred the hillsides.

"It's a crazy country," Ian went on. "The whole place seems to be upside down. And the heat and the flies."

"But the beauty and the romance.

Look at the Indian troopers riding with this convoy. They might be carved from sandstone."

"And look at the flies crawling on their backs. They might be dressed in chain mail. All I want is a bath and a night's rest. To-morrow we start shooting."

But they quickly discovered that the shooting had started already. As they neared the fort they could hear it away to the north. For the garrison of Fort Regale was fighting its way back to shelter; fighting each step at the point of the bayonet, and losing heavily in the process.

It was just one of those things that happen, particularly on the Frontier. There had been no time to warn the convoy. There had been no sign of trouble when they had started out that morning.

**A** WANDERING band of Halails had decided to practise long-range musketry at a party of camp followers who had gone out to collect forage. They had scored six hits before the escort to the followers had time to take a hand.

Tim Maloney went for them with two platoons of Gurkhas, and the Halails fled to the nearest village and took shelter in a mosque. From there they shot Tim Maloney through the head, and the Gurkhas, who were very fond of their subaltern, went into the mosque with the kukri.

It was fun while it lasted, but it was hardly worth it, for the mosque was a religious centre, and its violation, which left the Gurkhas cold, raised the entire countryside. The Halails from all round threw aside their farm implements, dragged the rifles from the thatch of their houses, and came gleefully to a killing.

The survivors of the Gurkhas were still hanging on to the edge of the village when the column from Fort Regale came up to their rescue. But by that time the mulvis were preaching a jihad to their followers, and the prospect of a holy war had brought the tribes out like bees to a clover field.

There had been four British officers in the garrison that morning; by the time the column got back to the fort, about ten minutes after the film convoy arrived, only Major Allison of the cavalry was left. Even the doctor had gone. A Geneva cross on a brassard means just nothing at all to the Halails.

It was a good start for the picture.

Major Allison, when he had arranged for the disposal of the dead and wounded, reissued ammunition, reorganised the defence of the fort's perimeter, tried to get a report through but found the lines had been cut, and carried out sundry other duties with swift efficiency, found time to greet the film company.

He apologised for their reception, which, he explained, was due entirely to Halails, and he hoped the seemed

to stress the word) they'd have a nice long stay. He was pre-occupied, for the column had come back with five men missing, and that is the worst tragedy which can happen in Frontier fighting.

While Daphne was putting a bandage on the major's wrist, where a bullet had grazed it, she asked him to tell her honestly what he thought of the situation. And, perhaps because she was hurting him quite a lot, he did.

"I don't want to frighten you, Miss Gale," he said, "but I'm afraid we're booked for trouble. I shan't have much time to talk to your people, so perhaps you'd explain for me. So far, we've only got the followers of the Mulik of Dham up against us. The chances are that the Pakir of Oloo will move up from the west, and if he joins in the tribes from Hatza will rise. If the three of them combine, we've got about as much hope as an ice cube in a blast furnace. The Pakir's mob should get here soon after dawn, and the tribe from Hatza about noon to-morrow. So the balloon'll go up about tea-time!"

"Any chance of help from our own people?" Ian asked.

"Not much. This has flared up too quickly. With luck, a relieving column might reach us late to-morrow evening if the news gets back. The forts on our flanks will be invested by now. We've just got to hang on and hope for the best."

"Can we hang on?" Daphne's

## By JOHN KENT

Fate casts a Hollywood star for a role in Indian warfare

Illustrated  
by  
JOHN MILLS

have to take a couple of troops and bring them in. I'll leave my senior Indian officer, the Risaldar major, in charge here, and if anything happens to me, he'll have to carry on."

"Why not send him and . . . ?"

"This is going to be a tricky business; I'll have to handle it myself. I don't think there'll be trouble, but accidents will happen in the best regulated wars." He swung himself into the saddle. "I must get these five men back, Miss Gale. I'd hate to feel I'd let 'em down."

He was smiling as he rode through the gates. He was still smiling when, two hours later, he rode in with his troopers and the five Gurkhas they had rescued.

But he was talking rather incoherently about a polo game he wanted to organise against the Fakir of Oloo, the only conditions being that all the ponies were to have three legs and the ball must be of molten steel. The wound in his head must have been worse than it looked.

When Daphne had at last drugged him into a semblance of comfort she came out to the fort's parade-ground to find Ian waiting for her.

"How come you're dressed that way?" she demanded. Ian looked down at the immaculate uniform he'd brought with him from Hollywood.

"BLUFF," he said.

"Just bluff. Perhaps this confounded Frontier had something to do with it. Those things you said about play-acting here . . . well, I'm going to play like an officer in real life."

"But, Ian . . ."

"I'm going to try to make these men believe they're not leaderless now the major's out of it. It's about our only chance, and they're not to know why I came here; they can think I'm an officer who happened to travel up on that convoy with you."

"But you don't know the first thing about it."

"I'll let 'em advise me. And I'll do the rest by the light of nature. I may be able to get away with it long enough to keep them going until the column arrives, if we can hold out that long. And if we can't, there won't be any harm done. The technical adviser on my last picture gave me one or two tips about how to act like an officer, and now I'm going to act like I've never done before. Fortunately, the Risaldar major speaks English."

Daphne shrugged her shoulders.

"You'll probably get us all in a jam, but that won't be any worse than we are now. Have you got any other plans, Napoleon?"

Ian grinned. "Have you ever been badly in debt?" he asked. "I mean, had creditors queuing up on you?"

"Sure. Plenty."

"And what did you do?"

"Sidetracked 'em till I could pay off one at a time. Why?"

"The light of nature. That's exactly what I'm going to do now. One at a time, and don't let 'em concentrate. I'm going to have a crack at those babies out there at dawn, before the Fakir of Oloo can join 'em. Then I'm going for the Fakir before he can link up with the party from Hatzia. After that . . ."

"After that, it's easy," Daphne interrupted. "Orchids, either a bouquet or a blanket of 'em."

Ian smiled down at her. "I'm a swell actor," he said.

She didn't see him again that night. He kept on the defences, and she was busy with the major. By now Major Alison was talking a lot to someone called Mary, and this in a bad sign with delirium, especially if the patient is a bachelor.

But just before dawn Ian came to her. "We attack in ten minutes," he said. "I felt I'd just like to say au revoir, dear. There's an awful lot I've wanted to tell you ever since I met you. But there isn't time now, and maybe that's as well. I only mention it in case this isn't . . ."

"au revoir."

"Ian . . ." she cried. And then the Risaldar major came up and "All ready, sahib," he reported. And Daphne went slowly back to Major Alison, who was still talking feverishly. She was getting terribly tired of Mary.

All night long the Halaks had lined the hills to the north, firing spasmodically and shouting entreaties to the Indian garrison to desert the fort and come over to them. And at dawn they found the garrison had come. But not quite in the manner they intended.

The Gurkhas seemed to rise out of the rocks at their feet, so silent and unexpected had been their advance from the fort. The Halaks had made their plan for an attack but had never envisaged that the defenders would take the initiative.

There was no plan to meet that, and they fled, without even trying to head towards the advancing followers of the Fakir of Oloo. The victory was practically bloodless, and the Gurkhas were proportionately disappointed.

But they cheered up when they were ordered to swing left and march towards the Fakir's advanced guard.

By now the dawn had broken and the Fakir could see them coming. He halted his men and took up a position along some foothills. He was disconcerted by the peculiar turn of events and he decided to let the Gurkhas attack while he determined on his next move.

The Gurkhas and dismounted cavalry advanced across the open. The section of mountain guns came into action under an Indian havildar, and made excellent practice. Ian watched through his glasses and saw the firing-line work forward to within two hundred yards and then under a Gurkha officer, charge with the bayonet.

The charge got home, but the Fakir's foremost troops were checked by the men behind them. There was a moment's indecision and Ian blew his whistle and signalled the retire. The signal was taken up in the firing-line and the men started to fall back.

Then when they had got clear of the foothills, he whistled again and raised his hand above his head. Instantly, every man dropped behind the nearest cover and the sections opened controlled fire on the enemy position.

Ian turned to the Risaldar major at his elbow. "It's too easy," he said. Then he added, "Let's get your troopers back out of the line. The Gurkhas can hold on where they are for a bit."

But by the time the cavalry had got back under cover, a deserter had come in with news that the Fakir had had enough. He had decided, if he was attacked again, to withdraw and take his followers back to their villages.

"One more swift attack, sahib," urged the Risaldar major, "and the fighting is over. The dogs from Hatzia will never face us if they find their friends have gone."

Ian looked at the position through narrowed eyes. "No; I'll wait," he said thoughtfully. "I'll attack in twenty minutes. That'll give you time to mount your men and take

them round under cover to the rear of the enemy's position. When the Gurkhas attack and the enemy falls back, you'll have them in the open. The rest will be up to you."

The old Risaldar major saluted. "Shabash, sahib," he growled. "Verily, in our hour of need, God has sent us a man."

And that seemed to be the opinion of the General when he rode in that evening with the relieving column. By then, all was over bar the cheering, and the question of sending the Fakir of Oloo and the majority of his followers, who had surrendered to the cavalry, down to the base.

The General listened attentively to the story, and he had a word with Major Alison, who had recovered sufficiently to talk of subjects other than Mary. Yet somehow he seemed vaguely puzzled.

"Of course, we're all infernally grateful to you, Mr. Orme," he said. "but there are still one or two things I don't quite understand. If you mind coming into the orderly room with me?"

"May I come, too, General?" Daphne asked. "I'm kind of co-starring with Mr. Orme in this piece."

"From what Major Alison was able to tell me, young lady," the General smiled, "you certainly are." Then he said to Ian:

"You say you carried out the military principle of beating the enemy in detail because of a formula based on . . . er . . . creditors. Well, I suppose that's possible, but how do you account for sending your cavalry round to cut off the enemy's retreat before that final attack, Mr. Orme?"

"Luck," said Ian briefly.

"That's nonsense, Mr. Orme. It was the action of a born soldier."

Ian went over to the window. "It was luck," he repeated doggedly. "Why, sir, I wanted to abandon the fort to start with . . ."

The General brought his hand down on the table with a crack. And when he spoke, the puzzled look had left his eyes.

"The same way the fort at Dag Sara was abandoned about two years ago, Captain Kilroy?" he asked.

Ian faced him. "I didn't want her to know, sir," he said. "Daphne, my dear, you remember the major said that the officer who abandoned a fort would be . . . finished? Well, he was right. They let me put my papers in and go, and the scandal was pretty well hushed up, but . . . but I wanted you to know me only as Ian Orme and not as Captain Kilroy, a soldier who . . ."

"And why the devil shouldn't she know you as Kilroy?" the General demanded. "Why, after to-day's show, I'll guarantee to get you reinstated in the Army. You can go back to your regiment. Only take that dye out of your hair and grow your moustache again, Mr. Orme."

He paused and took Ian by the arm.

"But I expect you'd like to use the honorable name of Kilroy now, wouldn't you?" he asked.

Ian smiled. "I would, sir." Then he turned to Daphne and added, "Would you?"

(Copyright)

voice was perfectly calm and Alison looked up admiringly.

"We'll have a good shot at it," he smiled. "The main trouble is our shortage of officers. These Indian troops are among the finest in the world; whatever happens, they'll fight to the last gasp. But without British officers they'll be a bit helpless. It's more initiative than example they want, after this morning's mauling. Still, I can get round the fort . . ."

"Couldn't we cut our way out and fall back on the relieving column?" Ian asked. He was looking at Daphne. Somehow she must be got out of this.

"Abandon the fort?" Major Alison spoke coldly. "Thanks, no. The man on the spot has to make the decision about that, and it's the last decision I'd ever make. An officer who did that would be finished. We'll take our chance here, Mr. Orme."

"I wasn't thinking about you," said Ian. "And, as it happens, I wasn't thinking of myself, either. But there's Miss Gale."

Daphne put a hand on his arm. "Skip Miss Gale, honey," she said. "The major's right."

"You make me feel ashamed of my outburst," said the major gently. And then an orderly came up and spoke rapidly to him in Hindustani.

Those five Gurkhas have been located," the major explained. "They're trying to get back to the fort round the enemy's flank. I'll

"lower than retail" prices

# Chads

MAIL ORDER FASHION SERVICE

Presenting comfortable, flattering house shoes. "Trimlines," styled to suit economy budgets, designed to make your feet live happily ever after.



WW6. BRIAR SUEDE

6/11

FREIGHT PAID



WW5. REPRODUCED PIGSKIN

Send for Chads "Fashion Post," a 36-page Catalogue of Winter Fashions. Free of charge on request.

WW6. "Oxfordette," a smartly styled house shoe in Briar suede, gilt eyelets, light pump sewn soles. 11 inch sports heel. In colours of blue, black, and brown. Full sizes 2 to 7.

WW5. A smart Ghillie in reproduced pigskin, with light pump sewn soles and 1 1/2 inch sports heels. In colours of blue, black, and brown. Full sizes 2 to 7.

POST YOUR ORDERS TO CHADS, BOX 4220XX, G.P.O., SYDNEY  
Address: Stafford House, 263 Castlereagh Street

# TEN DAYS' LEAVE

A wartime romance

By P. DENHAM

**T**EN days' leave! The words danced before Katie's eyes as her needle flashed in and out of the little grey sock she was mending. Ten days' leave! The words wove themselves into the chorus of the song she sang to the twins as they splashed in their bath. Ten days' leave!

As she tucked the two small, pyjama-clad figures into their beds, with a kiss for each, the words were still there, curled up in a corner of her heart.

"Ten days' leave, Katie?" Mrs. Maddox, mother of the twins, smiled sympathetically at the little nursery-governess, down in the drawing-room half an hour later. "But how lovely for you and your friend! Of course you can have the time off to go up and stay in London."

"Oh, Mrs. Maddox," Katie's eyes were bright. "It's terribly nice of you."

"Not a bit, my dear. You are due for a spot of holiday, and, anyway, think of all you have done for my twins. Tim is a different boy since you came to us. And how romantic, meeting your Bill at last! You did say he was called Bill, didn't you?"

"Yes, Bill Marten. He is an Australian, you know."

"And you have never actually met him, only had letters from him?" Katie nodded.

"Yes. He got to England some months ago, and I started writing to him through a Lonely Soldiers' Club. Then—well, he liked my letter. He said I sounded different."

"So you are different—nicely different, Katie." Mrs. Maddox smiled affectionately at the girl. "Go on, my dear, tell me more."

"Why, ever since we have been writing to each other twice a week at least. And I seem to know him—oh, terribly well. When I meet people, especially men, I go all shy and dither, but when I write to Bill—"

"You simply let yourself go!" Mrs. Maddox finished for her.

"That's it," said Katie eagerly. "I just write and write, and tell him

all sorts of little things I have never dreamt of telling anyone before. And he does the same to me. And now he is to have leave. He is going to stay in London, and wants me to come up, too. And he has sent me a couple of pounds to get tickets for all the theatres and concerts."

"What fun, my dear! And where will you stay?"

"Oh, my sister will tuck me in somehow in her little flat."

"Your sister? Oh, of course, the mannequin. Is she anything like you, Katie?"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Maddox." Katie was emphatic. "Barbara is quite, quite different. She is simply lovely, and ever so smart, and she has masses of friends, and always knows just what to say to people."

"I see." Mrs. Maddox sensed that the beautiful Barbara had always rather overshadowed her younger sister. "Never mind, you have Bill."

"Yes," said Katie softly. "I have Bill. Only, Mrs. Maddox—"

"Yes, my dear?"

"I can't help wishing I were more like Barbara. You see, Bill does so love beautiful things. You can tell that from his letters. And I have never sent him a photograph of myself, and I can't help feeling he may be disappointed when he sees me. Why, I'm not even pretty!"

Mrs. Maddox looked at the little, eager, flushed face.

"I don't believe he will be disappointed, my dear," she said with a smile. "And you must wear your very prettiest clothes."

"Oh, yes," agreed Katie eagerly. "and Barbara will help me to make myself look nice. Oh, Mrs. Maddox, I can't believe it is all happening. It is good of you to let me off."

"Nonsense," laughed Mrs. Maddox. "I shall enjoy having the twins to myself for a bit. And I haven't had time to make friends down here yet, so I shall be quite free to devote myself to them."

"And spoil them thoroughly," laughed Katie.

Mrs. Maddox made a little face:

this spoiling of the twins was a standing joke in the family.

"No more than you do, Katie. My husband always says you and I are as bad as each other, and he is worse than either of us, bless the man."

"How is the Colonel, Mrs. Maddox?" asked Katie.

"Oh, he writes very cheerily," said Mrs. Maddox. "Maybe before long, Katie, I shall be having ten days' leave, too!"

Meantime, Katie had a whole week in which to look forward to her own ten days' leave, and a busy week it was, for she wanted to leave everything in apple-pie order, and insisted on spring-cleaning the nurseries and turning out cupboards.

The twins, thrilled with all this flutter of preparations, pattered about after her, helping or hindering to the best of their ability, asking innumerable questions the while.

"Is Bill your sweetie pie?" demanded Susan.

"Susan, what an expression!" laughed Katie, flushing a little in spite of herself. "No, he is just a great friend."

"Oh!" "Friend" sounded disappointingly dull. "But—"

"But it's time you both shooed off for your rest," Katie said short the argument by marching the twins into the nursery. "Off you go, like good children, while I write a most important letter."

The letter was to Barbara, asking if she might stay at the flat, and also asking her to book seats at all the theatres for her and Bill. The answer came by return of post:

"Of course you can have a shake-down. Lucky little blighter, having ten days' fun to look forward to! Life is very flat at the moment. All my dancing partners have been called up, and I am at a loose end. Still, I shall love having you; come up early, and I will take you to my pet hat-shop before you meet this Bill of yours. I am quite looking forward to meeting him myself!"

"Love,

"BARBARA."

Katie smiled a little over the last sentence. Lovely Barbara only had to flutter her long eyelashes at a man and he was hers for good, or as long as she cared to keep him.

Illustrated  
by  
CONDON

Please turn to page 14

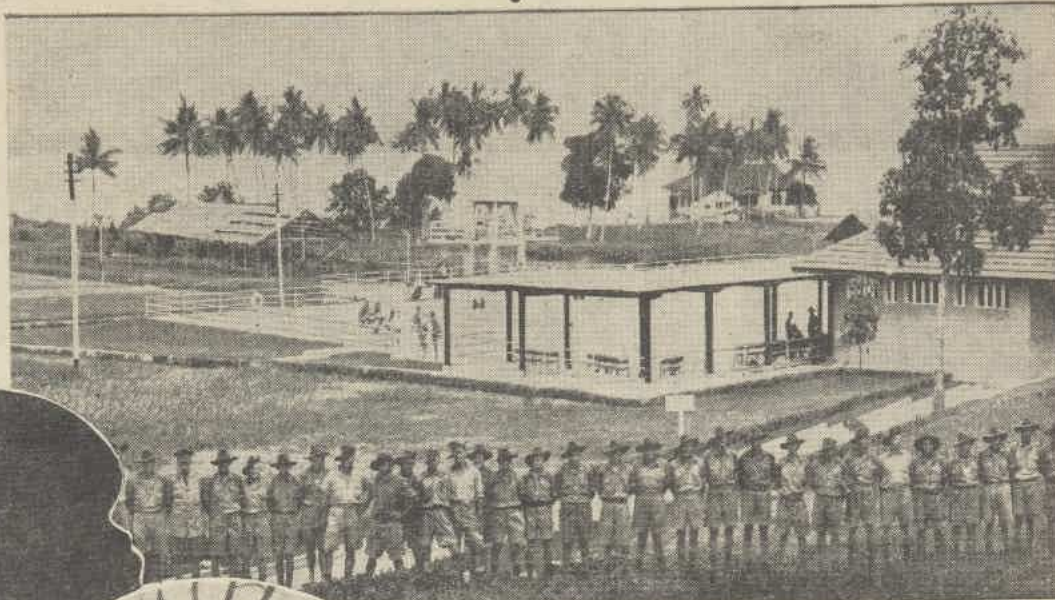
"I hope you don't think it awful nerve," said the stranger, "but I had to come."



# She's met the boys in Malaya...



OUR "Smithy"—Adele Shelton Smith, The Australian Women's Weekly's special representative in Malaya, now "Smithy" to hundreds of the A.I.F. in Malaya.



A.I.F. IN MALAYA. "Gee, it's good to talk to someone from home," they said, when they met The Australian Women's Weekly representative.



"AH, these Diggers!" A rickshaw coolie takes the nap of sheer exhaustion between A.I.F. rickshaw races in Singapore.

"Gee, it's good to see someone from home"

First cable from

ADELE SHELTON SMITH

Our special representative with A.I.F. in Malaya.

Well, I've seen the boys—several hundred of them at any rate—and what a welcome they gave me as representative of The Australian Women's Weekly. I was greeted with calls of "What's Mandrake doing now?" from all sides.

"We're good-o, but, gee, it's lovely to talk to someone from home," was an often-heard greeting.

I SPENT the week-end in a colorful coastal town, and met them at the cabaret, while sightseeing in Chinese shops, strolling through the villages, and at a Sunday party at a Chinese millionaire's swimming pool.

From the hundreds I spoke with I gathered these impressions: They like the climate, especially the Queenslanders.

Their quarters are more comfortable than at home, and there are no flies, mosquitoes, or dust.

They are receiving marvellous hospitality from the local people.

Malls are arriving regularly, the canteens are cheap, and they are getting plenty of leave.

As I drove through a native bazaar crowded with Chinese and Malays I heard a voice—"Hullo, you old son of a gun," and I knew the A.I.F. was near. Immediately after I arrived at a cabaret, and the first thing I heard was a Victorian, "Bird's Head" Woodruffe, singing with the band "I Love You Truly."

The first Digger I spoke to was Len Searle, of Victoria, who was through the last war from August 8, 1914, till October, 1918.

He took me round to meet the boys, and soon the news was circulated, "There's someone here from home."

Questions were hurled at me from all sides. "How's the old home town?" "What's happening there?" "Are you getting plenty of news of 123?"

I danced the first dance with a long-legged corporal, "Ned" (Bernard) Kelly, of Parramatta. The rest of the evening I danced my shoes off.

These were some of my partners: Lieut. Hawkins (Queensland), E. F. Hutchison and R. Mellor (Victoria), Corporal Ford and Neville Wilkins (N.S.W.).

By this time Cecil Richardson, of Maroubra, N.S.W., had sung "If You Were the Only Girl in the World," my autograph book was half-full, and I was "Smithy" to all of them.

## Corporal outwitted

WHEN the picket came at midnight to see that everybody went home, I managed to dance ten minutes longer by sitting the corporal down in a corner to write in my autograph book.

In spite of the strange tropical surroundings and the presence of Chinese taxi-girls, it might have been a dance in a palace anywhere in Australia.

The Chinese girls mostly wore traditional dress—brocaded tunic and tubular skirt. They are good dancers, demure and dignified.

Incidentally, I saw for myself that there was no truth in the stories of bad behaviour among the boys. In fact, better behaviour could not be expected of any body of men.

The boys looked magnificent—autanned and bright-eyed.

They say they are drinking water, good rainwater, that is so soft that they will come home with better complexions than their girl friends.

Tom Jacob, of Queensland,

alleges that the rainwater is curing his baldness, and he is exhibiting his new curls proudly.

The boys introduced me to some of the Chinese hosts who have entertained them lavishly in their homes. These include George Charles and John Chan, sons of a millionaire rubber planter; Alex Leong, Sin Chee, Richard Gow, and Dr. Foo.

Alex Leong wrote this autograph in my book: "To anxious mothers down under. Just a few words to tell you that our people here have yet to meet a more decent set of boys than yours. Everyone is at home here. You can count on us taking very good care of them."

I finished the night sitting on the hotel verandah with palms showing up against the skyline, amidst the fragrance of tropical flowers, and the clomp-clomp of the wooden shoes of the natives along the street, while Charlie Brown, of Queensland, recited "Banjo" Paterson's "Boyo" and "The Man From Snowy River."

On Sunday I went sightseeing. The boys were out in droves with their cameras. They held rickshaw races, and were followed everywhere by admiring native children saying, "Hullo, Jo," which they have picked up from the A.I.F.

At night, "Sleepy Hollow," as the locals call the town, was made very wide awake when a party of us, including several nurses and rubber planters, and boys of the A.I.F. sang "Waltzing Matilda," "Gundagai," and "Sydney, I Love You" while seated on the hotel verandah.

This week I am going on an official tour of all camps, and will be able to see for you the living quarters, kitchens, recreation centres, canteens, and sports grounds of the A.I.F.

But I must tell you something of the plane trip from Sydney last week.

It took several hundred miles to

persuade me we were flying over New South Wales, and not over a vast camouflage. The country looks just like the roofs of Ingieburn.

At a railway junction we saw hundreds of men in khaki lined up on the platforms, and at each airport we have been challenged by a khaki figure.

The sentry at one Queensland airport was particularly impressive.

At four o'clock in the morning, stepping out of his corrugated iron and gum-bough shelter against the red lights of the aerodrome, he looked about twelve feet tall.

## Hot weather

AT dinner in Cloncurry our Dutch woman fellow-passenger came in wailing that all her face creams had melted.

"That is a thing that has never happened in Malaya," she said.

Bill Brindle, the photographer with me on this trip, is much more anxious about his films than the Dutch woman was about her face creams.

To guard them against heat and

moisture he has packed them in tea inside sealed tins. The tea will absorb the moisture, he says.

At Darwin we spent only a few minutes for morning tea before our 500-mile hop over the Timor Sea to Koepang for lunch and Ball for dinner.

There were constant reminders of war time along the three-thousand-mile of glorious tourist route to "Last Paradise"—Ball.

My luggage and self were searched ultra-thoroughly, but very politely, by a pretty Balinese.

"We remember what Fifth Columnists did to Holland. We don't want it here!" she said.

An Airways official explained that Ball's glamorous luxury hotel is usually crowded with tourists.

It was deserted except for our plane party of fourteen, but the Balinese dancers and musicians gave an enthusiastic performance.

On the way to Sourabaya the captain invited me into the cockpit while we flew round the rim of the active volcano, Raeng, and over the highest landing ground in the world—Jang, 8000 feet up.

# Damp-set

YOUR HAIR WITH VELMOL

Style by Buckle Brothers Sydney Salon

---

**HAIR STAYS PERFECT ALL DAY LONG!**

Yes, definitely, the way to manage your attractive modern hair-do is damp-setting—Hollywood's hair secret! A damp-set with VELMOL is perfect on any hair... to keep any hair-style looking its very best—in any conditions.

**JUST 3 STEPS!** 1. Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. 2. Brush through a few drops of VELMOL. 3. Arrange with fingers and comb just as you like it best.

Instantly your wave revives. Hair gleams... silky soft, natural looking... stays perfectly in order... without greasy or "stiff" look. Works perfectly on any hair—any wave. Ask for VELMOL—from chemist, store or hairdresser.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney

## March of the munitioneers...



OFF TO THE factories. Britain's latest war measure is a call-up of young women.



MR. ERNEST BEVIN, Minister for Labor in Britain's War Cabinet, who now calls on the women of England for further effort.

# Future Australian Mother



Before you can turn round those plaits will be "up"! She will be thinking of a home of her own, taking her place in the peaceful, prosperous Australia of to-morrow.

But to-day, now, is the time for you to make sure that she shall grow graceful and strong and well-formed. She needs food to build straight limbs. Food to give her natural beauty of colouring. Food to nourish her for the time when she passes from child to girl.

Give her Ovaltine.

Give her delicious Ovaltine in milk every single day and she will have the food she needs to grow up the pride of your eye, a true Australian girl.



## FOOD FOR MUSCLE, BONE AND NERVES

Ovaltine is made of fresh full-cream milk, new laid eggs and rich barley malt. You need the carbohydrates, proteins and fats it contains. Growing children, invalids, and convalescents especially need them. Ovaltine contains maltose — quick supplier of energy. Phosphorus — to build bone and nerves. Calcium — to

build bone and muscular tone and thicken thin blood. Iron, potassium, magnesium, sodium, sulphur — mineral salts without which no one can be healthy. Vitamins — to promote growth, sound teeth, good digestion, and protect against rickets, influenza and colds.

# OVALTINE

HOT OR COLD

is Food and Drink to you

At all chemists and stores—1/9, 2/10, 5/-.

## General call-up for English girls

Plain Jane and Lady Ursula will share factory duties

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our Special Correspondent in England.

In the Battle of Britain, 20-year-old girls will play a big part, for they'll be the first women called up in Bevin's Army.

Plain Jane Smith and Lady Ursula will stand side by side, as their brothers and sweethearts have already done, as they queue up at Labor Exchanges in Mayfair and Hackney, in Quorn country and mining villages to register.

THEIR brothers queued up preparatory to joining the armed forces, but the women will be recruited for factories.

Girls will be drafted into the great arsenals of England. Their front line will be one of lathes and benches.

The Minister for Labor, Mr. Bevin, told me: "Girls will have a choice of war work, but all must register and must make up their minds quickly."

"We've no fear that the untapped womanpower won't yield the necessary labor."

I have just done a "route march" with some of the volunteers for Bevin's Army. They left their homes, farewelled their loved ones, and journeyed to a factory town.

They had undergone intensive training at Government centres, and having mastered the intricacies of the valve lifter, friction clutch, and other tools of their new trade.

### Australian in charge

AS good as Bevin's promise that "We'll see the girls are happy and not homesick while readjusting to their new life," there were hostels behind the lines of shell factories, and one at which we pulled up was run by Australian Rene Straker, of Brisbane.

Here bright lights, newly-decorated rooms, and roaring fires blended into a cheerful atmosphere behind black-out windows, and here raw recruits intermingled with veteran munition workers.

Miss Straker's hostel, run in conjunction with the Ministry of Labor, is typical of hundreds opening all over the country, where factories are springing up like mushrooms.

"Many girls come straight from their homes," said Miss Straker. "It is the first time they have ever been away."

"So it is absolutely essential that they should be comfortable till they overcome the strangeness of this new life."

"This is a transient hostel; they stay till they find billets."

"Factory managers and supervisors all say that happy girl munition workers produce the maximum output, and it is our job to see that they are happy."

Miss Straker has had plenty of experience of youth welfare work.

She was at the Y.W.C.A. Brisbane, and was also in charge of a hostel at Coventry on the night it was so severely raided.

"Ours was the one remaining hostel of several established there. All the others were damaged," she said.

"We ran emergency meals and, fortunately, had a good supply of coal which enabled us to cook on the kitchen range, for there was no electricity or gas."

Though munitions will claim the majority of the women registering, auxiliary and nursing services, the Land Army, and other work of national importance will take some of the recruits.

To help sort out Britain's available womanpower, Mr. Bevin formed a panel of women as a consultative committee.

They are Dr. Edith Summerskill, Mrs. Walter Elliot, Lady Limerick, Misses Florence Hancock, Marjorie Maxse, Mary Sutherland, Irene Ward, and Dorothy Elliot.

Every circumstance will be viewed by the selection committee when girls are called up, and every help given to enable them to make up their minds as to which form of national service they'll follow.

There will even be a hearing given to conscientious objectors.

Of course, girls thrown out of employment through the limitation of non-essential factories will first be drafted into new munition works, and after the first call-up the Ministry of Labor will register women in areas where workers are wanted.

This will cover a wider age group, but only in a specified area.

Though women without dependents will be the first to be called up, marriage and children won't mean exemption, and so Government-subsidised day and night nurseries, staffed by older women, are being opened.

"So you see there's work for every woman, and even Granny can help," said Mr. Bevin, "for we need 'minders' for the children of munition workers as well as women to help with these nurseries."

Although this scheme is only just now getting under way, it is believed that hundreds of thousands of women will be making munitions by August.

See page 13 for House of Commons debate by women members on conscription of womanpower.

# Women play important part in Royal Show

Exhibits range from Herefords to Pomeranians

BY A STAFF REPORTER

An army marched out of the showground so that Sydney could have its Royal Easter Show.

During the next few days an army will march in again—in thousands—to see the great exhibition.

**L**AUGHING soldiers will be among the crowd to point out that they slept in the building which now houses the Herefords or the Shorthorns; that the apple exhibit marks the spot where Bill split the dixie of soup over the sergeant-major; that the dog house was a temporary "clink" when the camp first opened.

There will be more women exhibitors—many of them with husbands or sons in the A.I.F. For them "the show must go on," doing its part of the job of putting Hitler in his place.

At a dress rehearsal of the show—the busy days before judging—I was amazed at the variety of exhibits by women, from racehorses to Rhode Island Reds, Pomeranians to Polled Angus.

Mrs. C. Rowe, of Blacktown, is a comparatively new exhibitor of Jerseys, and Mrs. U. M. Hordern, of Bowral, is a breeder of Polled Hereford cattle.

Mrs. D. G. Munro, of Merriwa, assisted in the management of her husband's property while he was in a militia camp, and among her exhibits will be both horned and polled beef Shorthorns.

## Prize poultry

**A**MONG the women to whom the word poultry means something more than a rather special meat course is Mrs. C. E. Madgers, of Kogarah.

Her prize-winning Rhode Island Reds and Australorps have been entered again in the Royal Show, and she and her daughter, who manage their large farm, saw the birds safely out to the showground in the farm truck.

"We have had our farm for more than 30 years," said Mrs. Madgers, "and since my husband died my daughter and I have managed it together."

Mrs. P. L. Grimwood, of Bundanoon, is exhibiting her team of ponies, soft, satin-sleek aristocrats all of them.

From Castle Hill comes Mrs. J. Campbell with dogs, including two Welsh Corgis, Princess Elizabeth's favorite breed.

While someone was telling me that 95-year-old Mrs. Whitney would be coming down from Coombing Park to see her cattle, I talked with the oldest woman exhibitor on the spot.

Mrs. L. A. Beattie, of Gipps St.,



MRS. JESSIE CAMPBELL, with her two Corgi dogs set and ready for the judge. Corgis are Princess Elizabeth's favorite dogs.

Drummoynne, who is more than 80 years old, has been exhibiting jams, jellies, sauces, and chutneys in local shows and in the Royal Agricultural Show for more than 40 years. She takes her exhibits to the show herself.

"This year her exhibits include fruit, tomato, and plum sauces, fruit chutney, mango chutney, and tomato chutney."

Here was a chance to get an excellent chutney or pickle recipe—"Recipe," said Mrs. Beattie, "I don't know one. I just throw all the ingredients into the saucepan."

And out comes first prize. Just like that. Mrs. Beattie smiled at my astonishment.

"My relatives used to get very annoyed with me when they asked me to give them some prize-winning recipe and I would tell them I didn't know the recipe, but if they would get me some fruit I would make some jam while they watched."

Miss E. M. Beattie, who has been exhibiting for 14 years, and won the

Hawkesbury Show Championship for jams in 1934, also declared she had no use for recipes.

"There always seems something in a recipe that I would not do, so I just make the jams in my own way each year. I did not even learn jam making from mother."

Together they make five hundred jars each year, and during the last two years have made many more for contribution towards war funds.

In the jam section this year Miss Beattie has entered six varieties: Melon and lemon, fig, cape gooseberry, strawberry, pineapple, and quince jams. In the jellies: Melon and lemon, grapefruit, quince, guava, peach, and grape; and in the marmalade section, shredded grapefruit, seville orange, and orange citron.

## Special interest

"SOME of the fruit is given to me, and the remainder of the jam I make just when the fruit comes in," she said. "Some I made last winter."

Among the women competitors in the riding events will be Miss Shirley Crick, daughter of Sydney's Lord Mayor. It will be her first appearance in the arena.

Leading riders from other States are coming to help New South Wales make its Royal Show an even greater success than usual.

For women's special interest there will be the "Temple of Beauty" and their own particular sections of handicraft, needlework, and cookery.

Girls under sixteen years have been given a chance to compete in needlework and cookery.

Total entries for the women's handicraft sections are 948 as compared with 884 in 1940.

Forty-four exhibitors have entered for the rich, uniced fruit cake, and 32 in the sponge sandwich section. See other show picture on page 11.



MRS. L. A. BEATTIE and her daughter, MISS E. M. BEATTIE, labelling and covering some of the jams and jellies to be exhibited by them in the Royal Empire Show. Mrs. Beattie has won prizes for jams and sauces in shows for more than 40 years.

# GRACE BROS

Thrift Priced  
Cool Weather Wear

W.  
OS.  
XOS.  
XXOS.

25/11  
18/11

SW.  
W.  
SOS.  
OS.  
XOS.  
XXOS.

59/6  
45/11

**MD1WW.** — Matron's soft, all-wool Cardigan, finely knitted ribbed panel front with new eyelet design giving a smart slimming effect. In Grey, Navy, Fawn, Wine, Black. Sizes: W., O.S., X.O.S., XX.O.S. Usual Price, 25/11. **SPECIAL PRICE, 18/11.**

**MR2WW.** — Well cut, smartly styled Coat of All Wool Fabric. Man tailored on figure-flattering lines. Fully lined. Black or Navy. Usually 59/6. **SPECIAL PRICE, 45/-.**

**MAIL ORDERS SUPPLIED**

**GRACE BROS. PTY. LTD.** Broadway Sydney PHONE M6506

## Put the Sunshine in your hair



Glorify your hair with the Camilatone Beauty Routine, add sparkle, enrich the colour, "let the sunshine in." Simply cleanse with Camilatone, the gentlest of shampoos, then rinse with Tonrinz. That's all, but the result will be a revelation to you. Special Camilatone Shampoo, complete with Tonrinz, for Blonde, Auburn, Mid and Dark Brown, White and Gold, at 6jd. each. Tonrinz separately at 3d. each.

**Camilatone**  
BEAUTY SHAMPOO & TONRINZ

# Turkey's daughters live in a brave new world



**EXPERT PILOT** Sahiba Guektchen is adopted daughter of the late Kemal Ataturk, liberator of Turkish women.



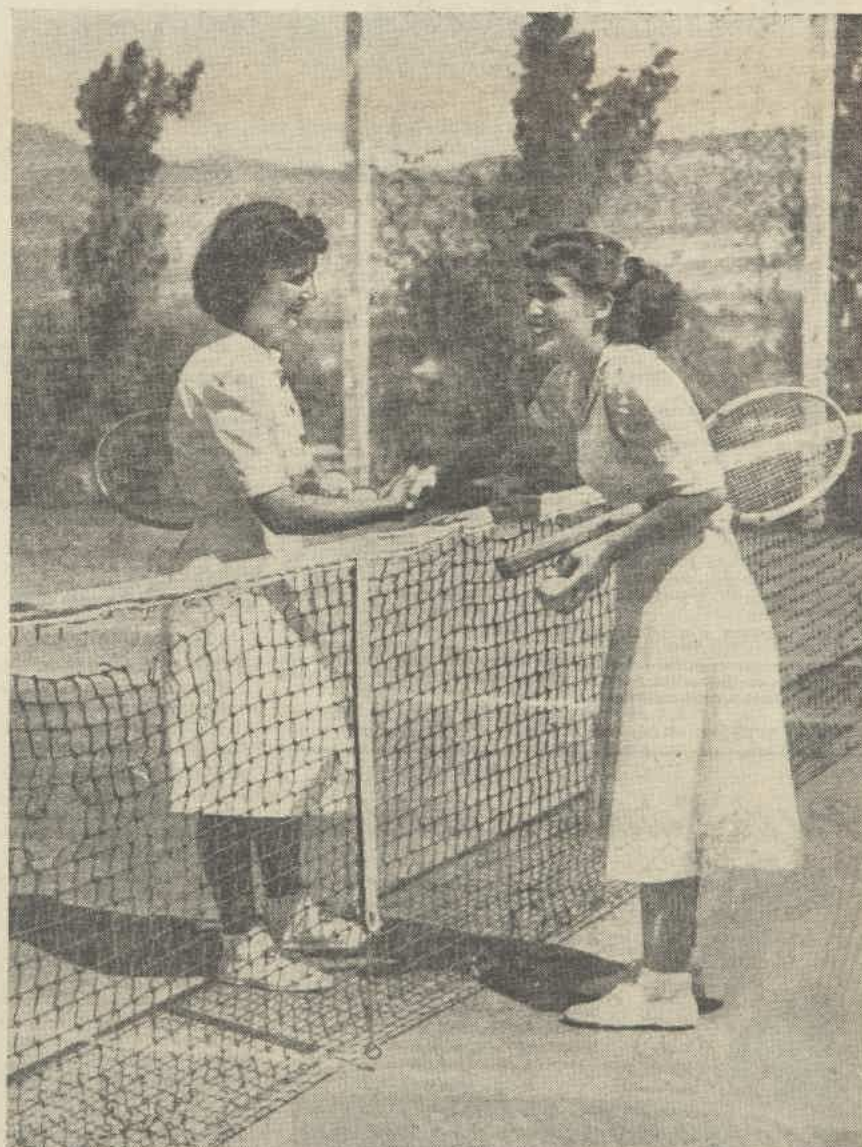
**TWENTY-YEAR-OLD** airwoman, in strong contrast to an older woman, who pins shawl across her face to replace veil, now banned.



**MISS EMEL GAZIMIHAI**, Ankara's famous radio announcer. She speaks three languages, is a principal of the station, has numerous technical qualifications, is 27 years old.



**LAND GIRL.** A Turkish student at the agricultural training farm near Ankara, where girls take veterinary and pastoral courses.



**ANYWHERE** in world this scene is ordinary. In Turkey, such athletic University students are a sign of progress. Twenty years ago they would have been veiled nonentities.



**A**N extra ration of hay for Starlight and Twilight from Miss Jean Grimwood, of Jalengla, Bundanoon. Miss Grimwood's mother, Mrs. P. L. Grimwood, is a well-known exhibitor at the Royal Show, and Jalengla stud ponies always carry off some ribbons. One, Jalengla Dinarth Jim, has been champion pony stallion at the Royal Show for eight years in succession. Star-

## Heigh-ho for the Show

light and Twilight are two of the 12 ponies Mrs. Grimwood is exhibiting this year. Miss Grimwood's own horse, Jalengla Joker, will also be entered in the ladies' hack event. Getting ponies ready for the Royal Show

entails plenty of work. Each day for the past three months they have been exercised in a flagged paddock to accustom them to the flags in the show ring. No debutante spends more time on beauty treatment. Each has an hour to an hour and a half spent on its grooming every day. Starlight and Twilight, being greys, are washed and blued to give them the final touch!

# An Editorial

APRIL 5, 1941

## THEY SPOKE FOR ENGLAND



THE other day twelve women members of the House of Commons stood up one by one and told Labor Minister Bevin what was wrong with his bill to conscript womanpower for munition making and other war work.

In its way this session of the women in Parliament was as great an indication of the strength of democracy as the famous statement of Churchill: "I have nothing to offer you but blood, sweat and tears."

When they argued the case for the women of England they argued from the viewpoint of equal status and equal sacrifice.

*There was no playing up to sentiment—just the demand that the job of conscripting women should be done in the most speedy and efficient way.*

Early in the proceedings these women Members of Parliament made it plain that placatory speeches were not in their line. They believed in hard-hitting constructive criticism, and Mr. Bevin listened and agreed.

The programme presented by these women began on proper organisation for getting women into war work, and concluded on how the children left at home were to be cared for. It provided for a full-throttle war effort, with the women of England turning to as never before.

*These twelve women of England, speaking for their millions of sisters, are as much a symbol of Britain's dogged will to win as Churchill himself.*

How amazed the totalitarian countries must be at this new sign of Empire strength. How proud we feel ourselves that the women of the Empire are taking their part in planning the war as well as fighting it in the factories.

—THE EDITOR

# Letters from our Boys

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of extracts from letters. A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

Gunner-Operator Ronald Miatke in Libya to Miss Zona Roddo, Toorak, Tarran-yurk, Vic.:

"SINCE I last wrote I've had some very thrilling moments and a couple of close shaves.

"On Christmas Eve we were fighting the Dagoes and we succeeded in driving them out of one of their strongholds.

"I've quite a few souvenirs that I picked up, the best being a Dago's bayonet.

"On Christmas Day we were watching the enemy's movements when out of the blue there appeared six big Dago bombing planes, and they commenced to bomb us. They didn't have much success; the nearest bomb landed a few hundred yards from us, and no one was even scratched.

"This happened just as we were having dinner, so my Christmas dinner consisted of bully, biscuits, and bombs.

"On the 30th I received your letter, and by gee I was pleased to hear from you just then, miles inside the Libyan border, in sight of the enemy.

"Next day we attacked them, and did we have a battle! I was shelled out of position twice and machine-gunned out once. I've been close to being shot before, but never quite as close as I was on that day."

Corporal W. H. Williams in Libya to his family at Edithvale, Vic.:

"PART of my journey to my present location 'somewhere in Libya' was by boat—a small vessel of about 1500 tons.

"I have seen hundreds of Italian prisoners of war. The first few hundred I saw had apparently just come from a desert battle. They looked a sorry lot, unshaven, dejected, worn out. You couldn't help feeling sorry for them.

"The Ities, however, are good workers, and they like the Aussies. We give them good food and treat them well. I had a few working for me the other day, and they were anxious to do all they could. A few who could speak broken English told me that they would like to cut Mussolini's throat, but the Blackshirts went around urging everybody to fight, and it was useless to resist.

"An officer told me that his prisoners had told him they had rehearsed surrendering. This apparently did not prevent them from fighting as viciously as possible until the last moment. I believe the Ities fought well until the Australians reached them, when they gave up; they did not relish hand to hand fighting.

"Many are excellent singers, and when they sing the Aussies stop to listen.

"I met an Australian soldier who could speak French. He had discovered two Ities who could speak French and adopted one as his batman and one as his cook!

"Many strange stories are told of the battles. One concerns an Iti doctor who during the Tobruk battle suddenly turned up in the Australian section and helped with the wounded. Later he asked an officer why England had declared war on Italy!

"Many of us back in Australia were apt to think that all that was said about Aus-

## Winnie the War Winner



"Well, we're clean out of Paris models."

tralian soldiers was exaggerated, but over here the Australian is acknowledged to be one of the best soldiers. To be introduced as an Australian means something.

"It is wonderful to see how our men are working. It breaks my heart at times to have to tell my men who have driven a truck perhaps from 4 a.m. to 8 p.m., sometimes without food or drink, to go out again."

Private R. W. Willson in England to his mother, Mrs. F. A. Willson, of Willson's River, Kangaroo Island, S.A.:

"I WITNESSED the most pitiable sight I have seen in England when we came through London.

"We had to make a twenty minutes' journey through the tubes to reach another railway station, and every tube station was crowded out with people who spend their nights there to dodge the air raids.

"Very few have mattresses. Most of them just lie on the cement platforms with only a blanket under them, and these people have been doing this every night for the last seven weeks.

"Sleep for them is almost impossible until after the trains stop running at about half-past 12 at night.

"Nevertheless, their spirit is admirable; they joke about the comfort of their sleeping quarters as if they were living in first-class hotels.

"A New Zealander and I went on seven days' leave to Glasgow. We met a Victorian who served in the last war and had settled in Scotland afterwards. He was very kind and took us both to his home. His wife was a broad Scotch woman and could not do enough for us. They made us stay for tea and the night."

A private in Palestine to his aunt at Murray Bridge, S.A.:

"THEY say here that an army marches on its mail, and it's true. At the magical sound of the word 'MAIL' we scuttle towards the depot. There are disappointed looks on the faces of those who receive none.

"There is a farm not far away which is run by a number of married couples. No money is used for purchase of goods. All their resources are pooled and shared equally, so that they just get what food and clothing they require and nothing more. They are extremely happy and contented.

"My birthday was a day of celebration. We received about 10/- worth of goods from the Comforts Fund. On top of that we bought all the cakes in the canteen and some bottles of beer.

"With the aid of a guitar and harmonica it was a most successful evening, only one fellow having need of aid to get to bed.

"I hope my next birthday is celebrated nearer the old home town among familiar faces."

Sergeant A. S. Moodie in Libya to Mrs. L. Crocker, Geelong, Vic.:

"I WAS well into the desert, with over a fortnight's growth of beard and dirt accumulated, when along came your parcel of shaving gear, socks, tooth-paste, soap, and washers, all the necessities for a good clean up, except the water.

"I had to laugh, and so did the boys. Anyhow, to-day, after three weeks, I got a spare half-gallon of water, removed the beard, and had a great clean up and change of clothes, and life is really grand.

"And so it goes on and each day brings us one day nearer our return home.

"At times we get a view of Musso Lake, and soon we may have a new name for it."

Private J. A. Hogg in Egypt to his wife at 30 Hersey St., Box Hill, Vic.:

"I HAVE broken into the movies. They made a newswreel at the camp the other day of the workshops in action, and it will show in Melbourne in the near future. I am in the film somewhere.

"I was unable to finish this letter yesterday, so here goes again—but the surroundings have changed. I have just driven through miles of desert to a Wog village for a load of mud and bricks.

"When I arrived all the kiddies flocked around the truck so I amused them by tap-dancing, and they were tickled pink. One tried it; the result was he knocked his toe on a rock, so that ended the dance.

"All I can see around me is date-palms and goats, not forgetting the ragged kiddies, who are nevertheless happy."

Driver E. H. Mackey in Libya to his sister, Miss Betty Mackey, Hewlett St., Granville, N.S.W.:

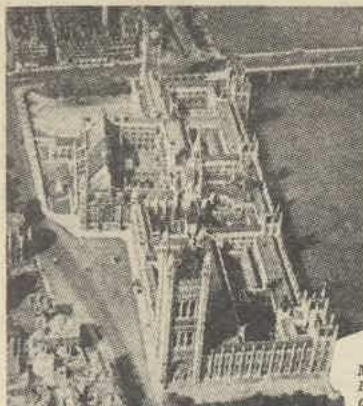
"OUR crowd, not having an Aussie flag at Tobruk, used my felt hat to make an entry into the town.

"It was hoisted on the flagpole in the main square, so if you should see the shot that was taken of it you'll know whose hat it was.

"The surrender of Benghazi I'll remember easily, too, because it gave in on my birthday."



# Unique session in the House of Commons



HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, London. In the Commons, women members have made themselves heard.



MISS MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE and her mother.



DR. EDITH SUMMER-SKILL, M.P., as a parashot. In one test she scored seven "bull-eyes" in ten shots.

## Twelve women M.P.'s hotly debate the conscription of womanpower

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our London Representative.

Debating the Government's methods of harnessing Britain's womanpower, women members of the House of Commons had a field day when they united to present the woman's angle on Mr. Bevin's plans for conscripting women.

They spoke to a full House and a crowded ladies' gallery, occupants of which were mainly dressed in the uniform of one of the services or civil defence groups.

THE great womanpower debate opened with a placatory speech by Mr. Assheton, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labor, who said women are "more law-abiding than men, more patient, more faithful, and no less courageous."

But compliments did not deflect the women from their purpose, which, as Miss Thelma Cazalet, M.P., said, was to "create a precedent for equality of the sexes..." The debate would demonstrate to the world that democracy depends largely on the status given to women.

Of the thirteen women members, the only absentee was Lady Astor, and of the twelve present only Miss

Ellen Wilkinson and Miss Rathbone did not speak.

Though representing all shades of opinion and coming from all classes

of society, the twelve were dressed so alike they might almost have been in Parliamentary uniform—slim-fitting, dark, high-necked frocks offset either with pearls or silver trimming.

Most vigorous speech came from almost white-haired, former factory worker Jennie Adamson, who in a rich Scots voice demanded "better conditions, better welfare, better pensions, establishment of residential nurseries for children of munition workers, wiping out the old-fashioned 'minder' system."

Now that conscription is decided, it should, said Megan Lloyd George, "get machinery properly in motion so that the womanpower wouldn't be wasted and skill and training lost in a welter of misfits."

### Equal conditions

CONSERVATIVE Member Miss Irene Ward demanded equal consideration on the question of wages and conditions as has been given in the case of men, saying that although women members are "on masses of committees" they had no executive or administrative jobs of real responsibility.

Viscountess Davidson made an eloquent plea for mothers. "No mother of young children should under any circumstance be taken to make munitions until every able-bodied woman who is not a mother or whose family is reared has been first called up."

One of the most attractive titian-haired women in London, Dr. Edith Summerkill accused Mr. Bevin of mistaking "women of to-day for their sisters of 1914."

"He was falling between over-gallantry in some respects and insufficient chivalry in others... If the Ministry of Labor had adopted a different attitude to women, registration would be unnecessary..."

"Radio could have been used to make every family in the land who had an idle woman feel as if they had a deserter from the army sitting in their midst."

Chic, bright-eyed Mrs. H. B. Tate said the former Minister for Labor had said women wouldn't be needed in large numbers, but "the Minister was a man, and he had made a mistake."

She scored off Mr. Bevin, quoting his previous statement that work for women in the factory would be dreary, difficult, and dull but would help to win the war.

"Doesn't he know," she asked "that women's work was always dull, dreary, and difficult, but always done for her husband, children, and home? And to rear a family. The Minister needn't worry; it will be done now to win the war."

See Leader on opposite page.



MISS THELMA CAZALET, M.P. MRS. JENNIE ADAMSON, M.P. MISS IRENE WARD, M.P.

## How can you get a GIRLISH FIGURE

WOMEN who have a tendency to put on weight can easily regain a slim, girlish figure with the aid of Bile Beans.

Bile Beans are the safe, healthy way to slimness. Just a couple nightly and that surplus fat gradually melts away, leaving slender, graceful lines.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable—they eliminate fat-forming residue daily, and by toning up the system give you radiant health and a lovely, fashionable, slim figure. So don't envy others—start to-night with Bile Beans.



"Excess fat made my figure ungainly. Dieting had no effect, but I soon lost weight when I started with Bile Beans. By taking them regularly each night I have regained two stones and regained my fitness and energy."  
—Miss E. Morris.

MAKE YOUR MONEY FIGHT!  
BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

# BILE BEANS

Will Also Make YOU Healthily Slim

## Unshrinkable children's woollies

GUARANTEED WITH **SUN-GLO**

*Shrinkproof*

S.G.4

### FREE KNITTING DESIGNS STYLE GUIDE

Alexandria Spinning Mills,  
30 Grosvenor Street, Sydney.  
Please send me your latest Style Guide to 1941 hand Knitwear.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

S.W.W.A.

CHILDREN'S chubby limbs and tender skins need the soft, perfectly fitting comfort of woollies hand-knit in Sun-Glo Shrinkproof Wool... guaranteed not to shrink during the lifetime of the garment!

Many serviceable knitteds for boys, girls and grown-ups await your choice in Sun-Glo Knitting Books, 6jd. everywhere. See Book No. 28 for the dainty girl's pinafore frock shown here.

For perfect results in your knitting ask for Sun-Glo Shrinkproof Wool and for Sunbeam Brenda, Gypsy, Wilga, Crepe and Crochet Wools.

Send coupon for your FREE copy of "1941 Style Guide" in hand knit-wool!

Manufactured by F. W. Hughes Pty. Ltd., at their Alexandria Spinning Mills, Sydney. Wholesale Distributors: Paterson, Laing & Bruce Ltd., all States.

## Scientific HALF-HEAD Tests prove New Shampoo

### Thousands Hail Glorifying Action



Proved these 4 Amazing Advantages:

1. Reveals up to 53% more lustre.
2. Leaves hair silkier, smoother.
3. Helps make "perming" faster, safer.
4. Keeps hair's elasticity.

TESTS SHOW THRILLING DIFFERENCE: LEFT—Soap-washed hair. Hair dulled by "alkali-ism." RIGHT—Colimated-washed side. Hair shining, silky-bright.

Half the hair washed with Colimated foam—the other half with a fine soap, or a powder shampoo; so nothing affected results except the shampoo themselves.



Helps "Perms" Take

In every case Colimated foam-washed hair requires less steaming time (often as much as 45% less) under the wave machine to take a lovely wave.

This revolutionary Colimated foam is not a soap, not an oil. Yet changes instantly into a magic-cleansing bubble-foam that washes away grease, dirt and loose dandruff more completely than anything you've ever known! No lemon or vinegar rinse needed, for there is no "soap scum" or oily residue to remove!

Make a test yourself—shampoo your hair with Colimated foam... and thrill to your hair's new loveliness! Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser for Colimated foam Shampoo (costs less than 4d. a shampoo).

Clifton-Williams Pty. Ltd. - Sydney.

Did you ever hear of anyone daring to make such a conclusive test on a shampoo?

A "show-down" test that proved this revolutionary new shampoo discovery gives almost unbelievable results... a triumph for this special, patented "Colimating" process... and the way it helps leave hair manageable right after washing.

In unique "half-head tests"—one side washed with Colimated foam and the other half of the hair with a fine soap. And look!... 1. The Colimated side, far more lustrous and shining. 2. Felt smoother and silkier. 3. Took better permanent waves, faster. 4. Hair retained more "spring"—fell back into more natural curl.

### The Australian Women's Weekly—Notice to Contributors

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will

not be responsible in the event of loss.

Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

## Germolene

### ENDS ACNE



The World's QUICKEST HEALER BANISHES ABSCESSSES ACNE BAD LEGS BURNS SORES BOILS ECZEMA SCALDS RINGWORM INSECT BITES AND STINGS ITCH



"My face was covered with pimples and blackheads," writes G. A. P. "I bought a tin of GERMOLENE, and applied a little to my face before I retired and to my surprise when I awoke next morning my pimples and blackheads had vanished."



There's no need to be disfigured by unsightly blackheads or nasty pimples. There's no need to let acne spread over face and shoulders. Germolene will bring you freedom from every spot or blemish. Skin healing magic! That is the only way to describe how Germolene clears away every trace or sign of skin trouble.

Even serious cases of eczema, leg ulcers, septic sore places that will not yield to ordinary treatment are healed clean by Germolene.

### IT'S QUICK, SAFE and CERTAIN

Germolene is invaluable in cases of insect bites and stings, heat rash, sore blistered feet. In fact there is no skin trouble that Germolene will not overcome. Sold everywhere. Ask for and see you get the world's quickest healer—Germolene Aseptic Ointment.

From All Chemists and Stores. Prices 1/7 & 3/8. Agents: HARGREAVES, RITCHIE & CO. (Aust.) LTD., 314/354 William St., Melbourne.

## Ten Days' Leave

Continued from page 6

BUT that was not going to happen to Bill, not if Katie knew it! He was coming to see her, not Barbara, and she intended to tell her sister so quite frankly.

Katie stayed up late at night, making a couple of amusing little blouses to go under her new suit, and the hat Barbara had promised to help her choose would be just the finishing touch. And when Bill saw her in the suit and hat, with her hair smartly dressed, he would have to like her—oh, he would have to.

And then, miraculously, the week of waiting was almost over, and to-morrow was the first day of Bill's leave!

Katie, taking the twins for their favorite walk, was making rapturous plans in her head. She would be up at crack of dawn to-morrow, to finish off her packing; then, after breakfast, her appointment for the wave and a manicure. Then London, the new hat—oh, and a red carnation to buy, for to help them to recognise each other they had agreed that she should sport a red flower, while Bill was to twist a white handkerchief round his arm. And then the five-o'clock leave train at Victoria, and Bill...

"Yes, darling—no, darling." For once Katie was hardly listening to the twins' prattle, her mind was so full of the ten days' leave that had nearly begun.

Home at last, Agnes was waiting for them in the hall, Agnes looking excited and mysterious and dramatic all at once.

"Please, Miss Kearton, the mistress wants you upstairs immediate. Miss Susan, Master Tim, wouldn't you like to help me make the toast for tea? Mummy said you could."

She drew the children into the kitchen, and Katie flew upstairs, wondering what all the excitement was about. She knocked at the door of Mrs. Maddox's bedroom, and went in. The room was all in confusion,

and Mrs. Maddox was packing, throwing the things in just anyhow.

"Oh, Katie"—she turned round, her eyes swollen with weeping—"Thank Heaven you have come! Read that, my dear."

Katie's eyes scanned the telegram: "Regret inform you husband dangerously ill. Come Lady Alice Hospital immediately."

"Oh, Mrs. Maddox!" she cried. "How ghastly!"

"I must go, Katie. You do see that, don't you? I must go to him immediately."

"Oh, Mrs. Maddox, but of course." "The train leaves in half an hour. Katie, the twins—you will look after them, won't you?"

The twins! A stab of pain shot through Katie's heart. Those ten days' leave, starting to-morrow!

Mrs. Maddox was speaking feverishly:

"If there was anyone else, but you know, Katie, I have no friends down here, and I couldn't possibly trust Agnes alone. There is only Edgar's mother, and they're always so miserable there. Susie cried herself sick last time we left her there. And Tim's night terrors—you and I are the only ones who can cope with them. And if anything does—happen to their Daddy, I would rather you were with them than anyone. Oh, Katie, I am desperately sorry about your holiday, but you will stay, won't you?"

For a long moment Katie was silent. Ten days' leave! The excitement of meeting Bill.

And then she looked at Mrs. Maddox's white face, and she began to remember things. Only last week Tim had had another attack of his night terrors, and she could still feel the little, warm, quivering body cuddled into bed with her, the little voice whispering: "It's so safe with you, Katie."

No, she couldn't let them go to that strict old grandmother. She would have to telephone Barbara to meet Bill, and explain, and he would understand. Katie choked down a

## Animal Antics



"Egbert and I always stop at the very best watering places—we're hopping off to-morrow."

lump in her throat. Of course he would understand.

"But of course, Mrs. Maddox," she said, and her voice hardly wobbled at all. "I will stay with the children."

Katie thought the next day would never end.

To cheer the children up, as their mother had gone away, she took them to sail boats in Long Meadow Pond. And, as usual, she proved a splendid companion, organising yachting races, rescuing the boats when they got stuck in muddy places, telling stories all the way home. But all the time at the back of her mind she was thinking: "Now I should have been in the train. Now I should be meeting Bill—oh, Bill!"

Still, there was always the post to look forward to to-morrow. Bill would be sure to write an extra special letter saying how sorry he was about everything. Katie's eyes brightened a little at the thought of that letter.

The morning post brought Katie a card from Mrs. Maddox, saying she had had a glimpse of her husband, and already he seemed to be better, knowing that she was with him. But nothing from Bill. Still, it would be sure to come second post.

The second post came at twelve. Katie was at the door before Agnes could leave the kitchen, and the postman handed her a card addressed in Barbara's dashing writing.

Please turn to page 16

## WHAT'S the ANSWER?

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS:

1—Hats off to Franklin D. Roosevelt, supreme champion of Britain and democracy! Now for the human touch—Roosevelt's family consists of:  
One son and one daughter—  
one son and two daughters—  
three sons and two daughters—  
four sons and one daughter.

2—Incidentally, what a good thing Christopher Columbus discovered America. That happened during the reign of:  
James I—Queen Elizabeth—  
Henry VII—Charles I—Richard III.

3—This is the week of April Fool's Day, but that's no reason for letting this fool you. Which is the larger—if either—of these?  
Six hundred, hundred—six hundred times six hundred.

4—Sugar prefers to grow in a moist tropical climate—cold, dry climate—dry, temperate climate.

5—Nice work, our recent recapture of the capital of British Somaliland—that is to say, the town of Keren—Berbera—Tirana—Addis Ababa.

6—Maybe for weeks you've been busily fattening up a young turkey for Easter. To be quite correct, you should call it a Poul—pout—cygnet—turking—turkey chick.

7—Can you quote the line which follows:  
I could not love thee, dear, so much.

8—Travelling between Perth and Adelaide, you cross the vast Nullarbor Plain. Its name is Aboriginal, meaning "stretch right away"—Malayan, meaning "lonely place"—aboriginal, meaning "heart of the land"—Latin, meaning "no tree."

9—Great blow to Germany, the burning of the liner Bremen, once holder of the Atlantic Blue Riband. Record Atlantic crossing was achieved by the Queen Mary in a few hours under 4-5-6-7-8-9 days.

10—Brass? Let's see—it's a compound of:  
Copper and zinc—copper and lead—copper and tin—tin and lead.

Answers on page 16.

# NOW REDUCED TO 1/1!

## 3-IN-ONE OIL

TRADE MARK

### The World's Finest Lubricating Oil...

SEWING MACHINES, typewriters, lawnmowers, bicycles, and all household appliances need the genuine 3-in-one lubricating oil.



"And to think silk stockings come from a worm!"  
"That's not a very nice thing to say about him."

# HE who laughs LASTS



"Now tell me, what kind of work can you do?"  
"Work? I thought you wanted a foreman."

## MOPSY — The Cheery Redhead



"Why are all vessels spoken of as she? Is it because they glide so gracefully?"  
"No, Miss, it isn't. It's because their rigging costs so much!"



"Is Sue a good friend of yours, Mopsy?"  
"The best. She tells everything bad she hears about me, just to be able to say she doesn't believe a word of it."

Invitation  
to Happiness

## STEEL GUITAR

OR THE

- \* BANJO MANDOLIN
- \* PIANO ACCORDION
- \* SPANISH GUITAR
- \* MOUTH ORGAN
- \* UKULELE
- \* PIANO
- \* SAXOPHONE
- \* BANJO UKULELE
- \* BUTTON ACCORDION
- \* CLARINET
- \* VIOLIN

with a  
SIGNED  
MONEY  
BACK  
GUARANTEE  
through a

## SAMPSON POSTAL COURSE

No need to be clever—no scales or exercises—beginners same success as players. SEPARATE LESSONS EACH WEEK. It doesn't matter where you live. Pay for your lessons weekly. If you're disappointed it costs you nothing. A wonderful range of imported instruments to choose from. Small deposits and weekly payments to any part of Australia. ALL FREIGHT IS PAID. Write for your FREE CATALOGUE and details of lessons. To make certain you receive the right Catalogue, mention the instrument you favor. It's the only Correspondence School in Australia endorsed by The Music League of Australia.

Write to Your Nearest Office.  
SYDNEY: Sampson's, Dept. B, 77 York St., Box 414X, G.P.O., Sydney.  
MELBOURNE: Sampson's, Dept. B, Box 42, P.O., Collins St.  
ADELAIDE: National Music School, Dept. B, Wilson House, Box 355, G.P.O. Box 608, G.P.O.



LEARN IN  
The Comfort of  
YOUR OWN HOME

For 2/6 Weekly

## BRAINWAVES

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"I WANT to open an account with your bank."  
"Yes, madam. A current or deposit account?"  
"Well, I thought I'd try one of your withdrawal accounts to start with."

"THIS suit is very shabby, dear. Shall I send it to the jumble sale?"  
"Goodness, no. That's the one I wear when I go to protest against my income tax assessment."

SCHOOLTEACHER: When the Queen of Sheba laid jewels and fine raiment before Solomon, what did he say?  
Pawnbroker's Son: How much for the lot?

SHE took the cake out of the oven and thrust a long needle into it. "What are you doing now?" asked her male friend.  
"Seeing if the cake is done or not."  
"But you can't see much through that tiny hole."

FRIEND (borrowing another book): You don't have to blow the dust off that—I don't mind. Booklover (sadly): I'm not blowing the dust off. I'm kissing it good-bye.

JOAN: Has your father inquired about your fiancé's income?  
Peggy: No, but my fiancé has inquired about father's.

# HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

Best  
by Test  
for the Chest

CHEMISTS AND STORES DON'T KEEP HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE—THEY SELL IT!!

EVERYWHERE  
2/6 AND 4/6



### The answer is—

- 1—Four sons and one daughter.
- 2—Henry VII.
- 3—Six hundred times six hundred.
- 4—Moist tropical climate.
- 5—Berbera.
- 6—Poult.
- 7—"Loved I not honor more."
- 8—Latin, meaning "no tree."
- 9—4 days. (3 days, 20 hours, 42 minutes).
- 10—Copper and zinc.

Questions on page 14.

## "Rotten luck

about your holiday, old dear! But I met Bill, and he is a lamb! I am meeting him again to-morrow evening to do one of the shows. I know you won't mind, as you can't come, and I have a peach of a frock to wear.—Love, B."

And then, tucked into the corner, was a P.S.:

"It is bad luck, my child, but I will look after him for you."

The card slipped from Katie's fingers, and she stood there feeling as though every drop of blood was being drained away from her heart. Barbara had fluttered her eyelashes at Bill, and Bill was her slave.

It was Barbara whom Bill would take to all the shows and concerts. It was Barbara he would dine with and dance with and laugh with. It

was Barbara he would kiss good-bye when he went back to his unit.

And after ten days with Barbara, all the letters he and Katie had written to each other would mean just nothing at all.

Oh, but it was cruel, cruel . . . "Are you never coming back to the nursery, Katie?" demanded Tim's plaintive voice. "I've upset the painting water, and Susie is being so disagreeable."

"Oh, Tim, can't you leave me alone one minute?" Katie snapped out, then, at the look of injured surprise in the little boy's eyes, was all quick penitence. Poor darlings, it was not their fault.

"Cheer up, Tim," she said. "We will mop up the water together, and this afternoon we will go to the

## Ten Days' Leave

Continued from page 14

Common and see if we can find some primroses to send Mummy for Daddy."

All the afternoon Katie devoted herself to the children, helping them over ditches and through brambles in search of the tiny, pale yellow flowers, trying to forget the little ache that seemed to have settled in her heart for good and all.

They came back tired and gloriously late for tea.

Katie was carrying heavy Susan, and Tim clung to her skirts.

"Run ahead and ring the bell, Timmy." With an enormous effort Katie forced herself to speak cheerfully. "And then we will have scrambled eggs for tea."

## SPURRED

on by the thought of scrambled eggs, Tim obeyed. Agnes opened the door, her cheeks pink with excitement.

"Oh, miss," she exclaimed, "you don't know what's happened now!" "What's happened, Agnes?" Wearily Katie sank down on the hall chair, prepared for a tale of woe.

And then the door of the lounge opened and a man came out, a man in the Australian uniform, a man with a pleasant, tanned face, who stood smiling down at Katie, his hand outstretched.

"I say!"—he spoke a little shyly—"I hope you don't think it awful nerve, but I had to come. I am Bill."

Bill? The warm color rushed into Katie's face. She could find no words to greet him, only put her small, scratched, grubby hand in his. But Susan spoke for her.

"Hallo!" she said agreeably. "Are you Katie's sweetie-pie?"

"Susan!" Katie went pinker still, but Bill threw back his head and laughed, and Agnes, hovering eagerly in the background, laughed, too, while the children giggled delightedly, and Katie was forced to join in.

After that, tea was a riotous meal, with scrambled eggs and hot buttered toast, and Agnes making every excuse to look in and join in the conversation, and Bill laughing and joking with the children.

The quietest member of the party was Katie herself. After the first rush of excitement she had begun to worry about what Bill was thinking of her. She had barely had time to wash her hands before tea.

The meal was over at last, and the twins reminded Katie that she had promised a game of hide and seek before bedtime. Bill joined in the game, and then Tim and Susie clamored for him to come upstairs and talk to them while they had their bath. They were both over-excited to-night, and splashed and played about till Katie was exhausted. But at last they were settled down, and Katie moved about the nursery, tidying up, while Bill, sprawled in a chair, watched.

## FOR

a few moments there was silence. Bill must be finding all this desperately dull, thought Katie.

And then at last Bill spoke, very softly:

"I say, stay just like that a moment, please. I am trying to learn you off by heart, just as you are in that big pinny affair, with your arms full of children's toys, so that I shall have something to remember when I go back."

"Oh!" Katie looked at him, her eyes very bright over the baby panda and the clockwork donkey. "Do you mean it?"

"Of course I mean it, Katie, you don't know what a shock I had when I got out of the train and saw your sister waiting for me, wearing that red flower. I was scared stiff at the thought of spending my leave with her, and I was just ripping off my white handkerchief when she spotted me and explained. She seemed to think it would be a good idea, too, if we used up all those tickets together, and I was hypnotised into saying 'Yes' before I realised it. But I sent a friend of mine instead. He is just her sort, and they can go gay together. And then, as soon as ever I could, I buzzed off down here."

"Oh!" Katie exclaimed. "Oh, but I thought you and Barbara—why, I thought you liked beautiful things."

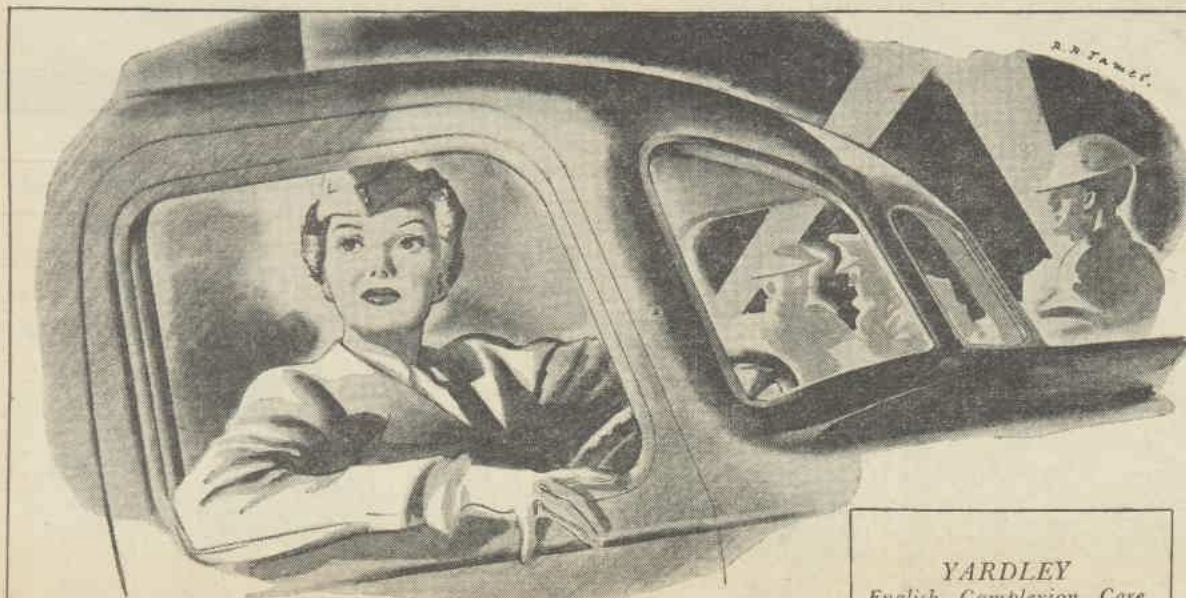
"You are right," said Bill, "I do." And at the expression in his eyes Katie suddenly became confused, and went down on her knees by the cupboard to put the toys away. Bill came over to kneel down on the floor beside her.

"You know, Katie," he continued, "after seeing Barbara I was half-afraid you might be like her. And then you came in with the children, and your hair all soft and fluffy, and your cheeks all pink, and you were exactly as I had imagined you, only about ten thousand times prettier, and—oh, Katie, dash it all, I have only got ten days' leave. Don't let's waste a moment of it!"

And then, somehow, Katie was in his arms, and she knew those ten days' leave were going to be even more wonderful than anything she had ever imagined.

(Copyright)

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



# Uniform and beaux

Betty's is not the loveliness to be submerged by her W.A.N.S. uniform. . . . But long stretches at the wheel of an ambulance and grilling parades in wind and sun threatened her complexion with that

rather too vivid "trainee" pink until Janet, who was from London, and a veteran A.R.P. worker, told her the secret of her "English complexion." And now Betty's radiant freshness transcends the severity of her uniform and the rigors of daylong duties. She sheds no allure with her feminine fripperies and is (declares her beaux) as

fascinatingly lovely in her W.A.N.S. Paris blue as in her most glamorous evening gown. . . . The secret is one treasured for generations by beautiful women

throughout the English-speaking world—the Yardley complexion care.



# Yardley

OLD BOND LONDON

### YARDLEY English Complexion Care



**YARDLEY LAVENDER**—the perfume of fresh natural charm worn by sophisticated women of to-day. 3/3 to 22/6.

**ENGLISH COMPLEXION CREAM**—creates and preserves a radiantly clear skin. 5/11.



**COMPLEXION POWDER**—mist-blown to vapour lightness. For normal skin, 2/8; dry skin, 4/-.

**ENGLISH LAVENDER SOAP**—"luxury soap of the world." 1/9



Also Rouge Cream, Lipstick, Talc Powder, Bath Salts, and other preparations—including Brilliantine, Shaving Soap and Cream and After-shaving Lotion for men.

\* 1770 \*

Fashions in beauty come and go, yet none has eclipsed the traditional loveliness of those women in whose faces "roses and white lilies grow." Reynolds and Gainsborough, who immortalised the "English complexion" in their portraits of reigning beauties, were in the heyday of their careers in 1770, when Yardley of London was founded.

Yardley & Company (Pty.) Limited, Sydney . . . London, Paris, New York, Toronto

# The WAY BACK

• War's swift-moving threats close in relentlessly as our serial rises to a tense climax.

By **PHYLLIS HAMBLETON**

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES



**N**OT to-night, Burton," Rachel protested laughingly. "Be a good boy and sleep it off! And when you dine with me on Thursday I shall give you nothing but lemon and barley water."

"But leave a kiss within the cup, and I'll not ask for wine!" he murmured.

"For goodness sake come on, Rachel!" called out Maurice.

"Your brother seems to have the jitters to-night," muttered Burton. "Expecting an air-raid warning?"

"Don't jest on serious subjects," shivered Rachel. "I'd be scared stiff! Oh, good night, Miss Black. Good night, vicar!"

"London people don't fit in here," the vicar's wife was saying primly to Miss Black, to whom they were giving a lift.

"No, indeed," said Miss Black fervently.

The party departed. Fleeting Gate was bathed in silence. Nicole went back to the drawing-room. She felt suddenly desolate. The others had gone in a buzz of laughter and conversation. Cook and Annie were upstairs. Burton had not said good night to her except in very perfunctory fashion. Rachel Curtis was beautiful, dangerous but beautiful. Nicole went up to bed rather miserably. Her ankle ached quite a lot that night.

"Why did the fellow turn up so late—that's what I want to know?" Maurice said fiercely to Rachel, as they drove home. "His excuse was all poppycock!"

"It sounded perfectly reasonable to me," said Rachel. "But we'll have a look at the house when we get back."

They put the car in the garage. A young moon was rising over the sea. They examined the open window and the ground beneath it.

"Nobody has come in here," said Rachel.

Maurice ran down to the coal cellar. And once more, as he moved the door, the shovel fell back with a clatter.

"The coal hasn't been touched!" he announced.

"You see!" said Rachel. "You're ruining your life, getting windy like that. Let's get up to bed! You're going to London on Thursday, aren't you?"

"It's a lovely village—and a pretty girl just completes the picture," said Sandy, looking at Helen appreciatively.

**L**OVELY NICOLE FROME finds strange reunion with her former fiancé, COMMANDER BURTON HARWOOD, in the little English seaside town of Fleeting.

Burton broke their engagement, considering himself a useless wreck, after being invalided out of the Navy; but he later recovers his health, and is sent to Fleeting to keep an eye on RACHEL and MAURICE CURTIS, suspected Fifth Columnists. Nicole, now engaged to SIR ALEXANDER ("SANDY") BRYANT, is also at Fleeting, staying at Sandy's home, and by timely intervention she saves Burton from a murderous attack by Maurice Curtis, injuring her ankle in the effort.

Burton and Nicole realise then that they are still in love, but in fairness to Sandy Burton insists that they renounce each other—though pretty, young HELEN NAIRN, who adores Sandy, realises the truth.

Nicole is hurt by Burton's attitude, but willingly co-operates with him by inviting the Curtis' to a dinner party, so that he may search their house in their absence, arriving at the party late. During his search he intercepts an important telephone message from the German, SCHELDT, who gives Maurice and Rachel their orders.

Afterwards, he attends the party, and, in his enforced role of suitor to Rachel, he presses her to let him go home with her when it breaks up.

Now read on—

"I suppose so," he replied moodily.

"Why?"

"Oh, nothing!" said Rachel.

Burton was coming to dinner on Thursday, and they would not drink lemon and barley water, and kisses would not be left wasted inside the cup. She had a better use for them. The evening had been successful, and Burton had never looked at Nicole.

She moved towards the staircase.

"What's that?" called out Maurice sharply.

"Great heavens, what's that?"

Far above their heads came the drone of an aeroplane.

"They're here," screamed Maurice.

"They're here!"

"They can't be. There was no telephone message!"

A thought struck her. She went to the desk in the study. Neither she nor her daily help was very good at dusting. Her face was white as she looked up.

"The telephone has been moved!" she said. "Somebody has used it since we went out!"

"Then Harwood was here!" cried Maurice. "Oh, Heaven help us, I knew he was! We're finished, Rachel, we're finished!"

"You fool," she rapped back. "You weak-kneed fool!"

This was emergency, and she knew it, but just as her brother went to pieces under it so she taunted. Every fibre stiffened to meet the necessity.

She opened the long french window of the drawing-room.

"What are you doing?"

She did not answer. She went out into the garden.

"Puss, puss!" she called.

She had no cat, but the listeners might not know that. She came back a moment later.

"There are men all round the house," she said. "They'll be on the

beach, too, I suppose. Where's the torch? Where's the torch, Maurice!"

"I don't know. I don't know! I'll shoot myself sooner than be taken!"

"You wouldn't dare!" said Rachel.

She had found the torch. She ran upstairs like lightning, finding her way with almost catlike cunning. And now the plane was right over the house, circling round it. Soon it would land.

So that's why they talked of level fields, thought Burton.

He was behind the cowshed. It was still a fortnight before the local defence volunteer force would be properly formed, but there were soldiers with him. We'll account for whoever is in that plane without much difficulty, he was thinking grimly.

In the attic, Rachel, sobbing and swearing, was struggling hard with the skylight. The light of the moon aided her, but the hasp was rusty. She wrenched it and wrenched. At last it gave.

"Thank Heaven!" she sobbed.

"Thank Heaven!"

Her torch shone out and upwards. From the ground it could not be seen. Two yellow lights. Then she covered the torch with her chiffon handkerchief, which was the same color as her dress. Two blue lights. Then two yellow lights again.

A man in the plane spoke through the voice tube to the man behind him.

"Something must be wrong," he said. "We had better go back again."

The plane curved. It flew out again to sea. The drone of its engines faded into the distance.

"They've gone!" said Burton in a fury of disappointment and exasperation. "They've gone!"

"They've gone!" gasped Rachel.

She was half fainting. She leaned against a battered old trunk in the attic. She had torn her velvet gown on a nail. It was covered with dust and ruined, but that was of no importance, compared with the greater peril escaped.

Please turn to page 40





## OVER THE GARDEN FENCE

EDITED BY Mrs. MARY HOLIDAY...

(the famous English washing authority) and a staff of experts. This page is for the benefit of all Women's Weekly readers—especially those who use PERSIL.



ADVERTISEMENT

MRS. HOLIDAY'S

### Free Service

If you have any problem connected with washing, you are cordially invited to write to Mrs. Holiday, P.O. Box 773 H, Melbourne. She will reply personally by mail or through this page.



## How to make your man proud of his SHIRTS...

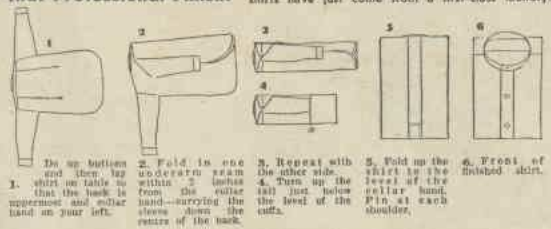


"YOU know, Mrs. Holiday, I'd sooner wash and iron two of my own frocks than one shirt!" said a young wife the other day. "Try as I will I can't get the professional finish that pleases my husband!"

Of course I'd heard the same story before and, as I said on this occasion: "Shirts pick up a fair amount of dirt—especially round cuffs and neck-bands. And mighty hard it is to remove—because it's held there by the natural oils of the skin. So before we start talking about professional finishes, let's make sure you're using sufficient Persil to shift that dirt! It's no good having a beautifully ironed and folded shirt if it's not sweet and clean!"

Well, as many readers know, you need 1 heaped tablespoonful of Persil to every gallon of water. If you make that a rule—instead of trying to RUB shirts clean—I'll promise they'll last far longer, as well as being much cleaner!

### Correct Folding gives that Professional Finish!



Then, next washday, just try ironing those shirts in the following order: Shoulders, collar band, centre front, cuffs and sleeves. Then fold the back in half lengthwise, iron both sides. Last of all, turn the front uppermost and iron the front.

Iron all double parts first on the wrong side, then on the right.

When you do the sleeves, fold from the underarm seam—then start your ironing at the elbow—and work up to the shoulders, and down to the cuffs. Now turn to my little chart above and see how easy it is to get that final "expert" look by folding the shirt correctly.

Follow my diagrams step by step. If you do this faithfully, I'm sure your husband will think his shirts have just come from a first-class laundry!



WHEN your velvet frock needs a reviver, put it on a hanger tied firmly to the top of the shower (be sure the shower doesn't drip). Then fill the bath with steaming water. Let it stay there for a while, lightly brush it the way of the nap, hang in the air to dry, shaking it from time to time.

Instead of ironing velvet, smooth up the pile with a pad of velvet. For a finish equal to new, prop up a warm iron, flat side uppermost, and draw the back of the material over the face of the iron.

Ever thought of turning your jaded velvet into a smart new crushed velvet? It's the easiest thing in the world. Turn it inside out and do this: With the pile side downwards, gather up with your fingers about 6 inches square at a time until it's screwed up to about 2 square inches (there's no need to keep the rucking even). Hold the gathers firmly together, place a thick damp cloth over the material and press heavily with a very hot iron. Hold the iron there until both pressing cloth and velvet are thoroughly dry. Finish by running the wrong side of the material very lightly over the face of an upturned iron. It will come out with the sheen and crease-marks of brand new crushed velvet!

### CAN YOU WASH VELVET?

As a general rule—no! But one or two brands of artificial silk velvet are washable. All velveteen, however, washes beautifully—if you handle it gently and use cool Persil suds. After rinsing thoroughly, lift it out of the water and hang where it can drip dry. When the pile starts to lift, smooth it over with the palm of your hand.

### Perverse Percy



Mrs. Holiday asked Percy to illustrate "A man putting his shirt on." This is what he did.

## The Story your Finger nails tell.

Next time you manicure your nails, Madam, here are interesting facts to dwell upon.

Did you know, for instance, that if you live to be seventy, you'll have grown an average of eight feet of nail on each finger?

Your nails grow faster in summer than winter and there is a difference in the rate of growth for the different fingers. The middle finger is the most prolific, the thumb the slowest.

Finger nail experts can tell your character from the shape of your nails.

1. Long, pink, oval nails are a sign of intellect and refinement—often an indication of distinguished ancestry.

2. Women with short nails usually like to gossip, and have a streak of jealousy in their nature: short, narrow nails may betray a conceited, egotistical nature.



3. Broad nails almost always belong to gentle, considerate people—often a little timid and shy.

Unusually red nails in a person of normal health denote a rash, impetuous nature. Unusually pale nails are a sign of melancholy.

### Split Nails

Manicurists can usually tell at a glance which women rub their clothes on wash-day. This is one of the chief causes of painful and damaged nails. Housewives who suffer in this way have found Persil a great boon.

There is nothing in Persil to harm hands or nails. And Persil's suds are so active by themselves, that you rarely have to rub clothes or have your hands in hot water for very long.

If a nail is already damaged, you can mend it by cutting a piece of sticking plaster to the exact shape of the nail. If you use nail polish, varnish with two or three coats.

## He thought his shirt was white



...till his landlady WASHED HIS COLLAR IN PERSIL

What's the explanation of the extra whiteness that Persil gives? Its oxygen-charged suds! They gently bubble through your wash till every stitch is sweet and clean. They forage out embedded dirt, coax away stains. Your linen dries a glorious white. And it's not just for whites that Persil is so good. Baby's woolies, flimsy silks, your summer-y blouses are all washed best AND SAFEST with Persil.



J. KITCHEN &amp; SONS PTY. LTD.

P.A. 40.

## EASTER EGGS

FUN FOR THE KIDS FOR A FEW PENCE



Did you ever DYE eggs for the youngsters on Easter Sunday? It's an old English custom. To the water in which they are boiled simply add a little kitchen colouring.

Oochinal for pink eggs, saffron for yellow. Or if you boil in spinach water you'll have a green egg. A scrap of coloured material from which the dye will run is another good source of colour.

If you're hard-boiling the egg and serving cold, finish the job by painting on the child's name as an Easter greeting.

A pretty mottled effect can be obtained by wrapping brown onion skins round the egg and boiling in plain water. Or an old piece of knitting tied round the egg before putting it into coloured water will give it an interesting pattern.

## 5/- for Your hint

Have you sent YOUR washday tip to Mrs. Holiday? Post it to-day. If published, we'll pay you 5/-.

In my laundry I have 2 Gleniff Court four wire clothes lines—fastened to hooks and plugged into the wall at either side. The lines are just high enough to reach, so are not in the way; and are invaluable for lingerie or anything that should dry in the shade. They are also even more useful when laundry day happens to be wet.

When washing under-127 Scots Parade wear of any kind, boil up any left-over pieces of scented toilet soap and then add this solution to the washing water. This gives the clothes a lovely smell.

Mrs. J. Carroll 127 Scots Parade Ballarat

EXCLUSIVE

Mary Holiday PATTERN SERVICE 2/6 PATTERNS FOR 6d.



### MATRON'S FROCK

The woman with a mature figure welcomes a simple button-down-the-front frock like this. The slimming line and soft fullness is very flattering.

All Mary Holiday Patterns include an illustrated step-by-step sewing guide, cutting-out chart and washing instructions. You can obtain these beautiful overseas patterns, usually 2/- to 3/-, by sending 8d. in stamps (6d. for pattern, 2d. for postage, etc.). No other pattern at this price can offer you so much. Fill in the coupon.

MARY HOLIDAY PATTERN "A" Button-Front MATRON'S FROCK

To "Patterns," P.O. Box 495 H, MELBOURNE. Enclosed find 8d. in stamps. Please send Pattern "A." (Pattern can only be obtained by post and from the above address.)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

SIZE (36, 38, 40 and 42 inch Bust): \_\_\_\_\_



With a last terrific effort, they were out under the great dome of the station. "Done it," breathed Gerry.

## THE MESSAGE

More precious than treasures of gold was a girl's quick wit in the hour of desperate need... Dramatic short story of the Finnish war.

Illustrated by  
WYNNE W. DAVIES

THE streets of the Finnish city had about them a sinister emptiness as they drove to the station, but as yet the buildings were untouched, and the planes zooming above them in an innocent sky were friendly. At any moment, he knew, this might change.

His arm tightened about Karen. "You will like my country," he told her for the fifth time, and she smiled back. But her eyes said, "If we ever get there."

Her hand closed over his. Under her small grey glove was the ring he had slipped on her finger not so many hours ago.

Turning a corner they came suddenly into traffic, and were reduced to a crawl. Their driver, a squat, elderly man with long grey moustache-ends, lost interest in the tangle of cars and vehicles all heading the same way. He grunted, staring up at the sky.

At the same moment Karen cried, "Look, Gerry, look!"

Little puff-balls appeared in the blue above. Suddenly active, they expanded, then trailed off in the upper air like a bride's veiling. Sounds reached the earth. A sharp crackling. Something dull, heavy—happily distant.

"Just in time," Gerry said, disciplining his voice. "The station's just ahead. Didn't think, did we, ours would be an evacuation honeymoon?"

Her smile was brave: he liked that. A trifle fugitive; he understood that. It was all very strange for Karen, he told himself, with everything happening so quickly, but this was Europe streamlined by the urgencies of war. His mind flashed to their own swift, passionate happiness. Swift as the race of their skates along a frozen watercourse, at whose bend they had first kissed.

He hadn't meant to take her at once from her native land, for he was on long leave from business; he could linger a while, and when summer came and perhaps the seas were safer for neutrals they would embark...

It had been a simple wedding; just the two of them and casual witnesses. Confetti he had himself procured was the only trimming to an event that needed no gliding of their own sure happiness.

But they had reckoned without Stalin.

It was an intrusion they could not quite believe at first. In the papers, black headlines. From the radio, warnings. On the walls, placards.

Evacuation! "All civilians not needed in essential industries"... precautionary, of course! "...all aliens..."

They had laughed a little. Was Karen an alien now? Mrs. Gerald Wilson! This sunny-haired child, his wife! Seated beside her in the halted taxi-cab, he heard again that heavy, shaking sound, like thunder—not quite like thunder—and a protective tenderness flooded him, a sudden urgency.

"Driver—" The driver was sorry, but this was as near as he could get. He indicated with an expressive hand the crowds converging on the station, accepted the fare indifferently as if money no longer had any value, and gazed up at the sky, the kindly lines of his face hardening.

"Stick at my heels, Karen, we'll get through all right," Gerry said, shouldering both Karen's bag and his own. The heavier luggage was committed to a carrier; heaven only knew if it would ever reach the steamer.

He began to see that luggage wasn't going to matter, and abandoned his own bag first, kicking it grimly out of people's way under a truck.

Karen? No, he'd cling to that. It was a bit of herself. Her fingers, white and slim, had packed it; she had been very gay over the remnants of confetti. "Pieces of our wedding," she had cried. "I wish I could keep them—always!"

A sudden convergence of two lines of people caught him, and the bag was almost wrested from his grasp. He fought clear. He turned, Karen was gone. He could see her nowhere.

Panic gripped him. More terrible than any threat from the skies was the thought of losing her, of having to wander, asking, asking, "Have you seen... she's slight and very fair, with blue eyes?" "Karen," he shouted. "Karen," and suddenly he saw the bright feather in her new green hat, and plunged towards her. "I thought I'd—lost you—Karen!"

Oh, my darling, that was a bad moment! I'm afraid your bag's gone the way of all things."

Her look said, "Does that matter—now?"

"It was yours," he said.

Her smile rewarded him.

"If we can keep our heads, and our courage, Gerry—"

"And each other. Once we get through those doors the worst'll be over."

The pressure grew. Luckily there were few children, most having been evacuated on earlier trains; and the crowd was orderly, if solidly persistent in their pushing, jostling progress. Karen was pressed tightly against him, her yellow hair close to his cheek, her eyes clear and undaunted, although once her fingers involuntarily clutched his sleeve as the pavement shook beneath them.

A last, terrific pressure.

"Done it," he breathed. They were under the great dome of the station with its murky glass obscuring the sky. He edged Karen towards the wall where a pillar offered shelter. "We'll catch our breath for a second," he said. "All right?"

"Yes, I'm all right."

He stooped suddenly to kiss her, a choke in his throat.

"In all this crowd," he said, "only you matter."

She shook her head, but smiling at

him, excusing this hyperbole of a lover. And at that moment they heard the sound.

It was a woman sobbing in some desperate anguish. She was close to them, on the other side of the pillar, and in a moment Karen was beside her, comforting, questioning, then interpreting to Gerry.

"Her little boy. She left him in the waiting-room while she went to say good-bye to her husband, who is on duty. Now she can't get through to the child in this crowd."

"What's the boy like? Where did she leave him?"

Karen was patient with the woman's incoherencies. The boy was at the end of a long seat, by the clock. "He has blue eyes," said the mother, sobbing, "and he will be holding some parcels and a small dog—a toy dog—"

"You must go," Karen's eyes were saying; she was being very brave about it, cloaking her dismay. "I'll wait here with her."

He nodded. "Whatever happens—stay just here."

"Yes."

He plunged into the crowd. Looking back he could see Karen by the pillar supporting the woman in a comforting embrace; could see the mother's shining relief. Then they were lost to him, except for the gay feather in Karen's hat, like a flag marking the place where they were. And suddenly—for one impersonal moment—Karen was a symbol of her country, so small, so menaced by superior numbers that could crush and trample; but that gay feather still remained.

He felt a quick stab at his heart, a certain irrational optimism. Then she was only Karen, his bride of a few hours, from whom an increasing number of heads, of bodies, of voices was separating him.

The waiting-room, when he got there, was a babel of tongues, a confusion of movement. Small boy at the end of a seat, he thought. By the clock. There was the clock. Thank heaven, there was the child, holding tight to a toy dog, bewildered, frightened.

"It's all right, sonny!"

But it wasn't all right. The boy was waiting for his mother, not for a strange man. People began to stare at them. Gerry appealed to them, but they did not speak his language; at last a woman, shouldering through, became interpreter. "See, dear, he will take you to your mother. Go with him." The woman's eyes, clear and frank, blue as Karen's, inspected Gerry, trusted

him. "He will go with you now."

She helped to gather up the parcels. Gerry lifted the child. The woman, looking at him, suddenly stiffened; the smile died from her lips. "Too late," she said, "too late!"

Just beyond them, above the murky glass of the concourse dome, there were wings against the sun. Then a deafening detonation, a shaking terror, a rumbling of masonry, a shattering of glass, an acrid smell.

Voices cried: "To the trains!"

He held the child shoulder-high, gripping the counter of the kiosk, which itself was threatened by the human tide. He could think of nothing so much as tide ebbing on a shallow beach. It was beating in tumult at the gates, spilling out upon the platforms, breaking against the long lines of waiting coaches. It was carrying all before it.

The whistles of locomotives began to scream shrill warnings. Loud-speakers carried appeals to echo from the shattered dome; appeals for orderliness, for haste. Officials breast the human tide, directing, shepherding. All must be on board—at once.

Gerry stood, holding the child, seeing vaguely bare patches of floor appear where there had been none before, seeing more vividly a mother waiting for her boy, and Karen—and Karen... He began to run. It was possible now to run. In a moment the concourse would be a vast emptiness. That sound—like hail—was shrapnel falling on the roof. There was the pillar, where they had stood—the mother and Karen. He was sure it was the one, because he had taken particular note.

He stood staring at the place.

Please turn to page 36



Why is she so romantic — so attractive — so different? From the first dance to the last encore she remains her cool, captivating self. She has a Creme Simon complexion. But why envy her—when you can so easily make yours "different" too?

CREME SIMON, the different skin-food used a different way—while your face is damp. Its gentle tonic action keeps skin firm, supple, smooth.

## CRÈME SIMON

CRÈME SIMON PRODUCTS ARE UNIVERSALLY FAMOUS

### End Rheumatism While You Sleep

If you suffer sharp stabbing pains, if joints are swollen, if shows your blood is poisoned through faulty kidney action. Other symptoms of Kidney Disorders are Backache, Aching Joints and Limbs, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Getting up Nights, Dizziness, Nervousness, Circles under Eyes, Burning, Itching Passages, Loss of Energy and Appetite and Frequent Headaches and Colds, Etc. Ordinary medicines can't help much because you must get to the root cause of the trouble. The Cystex treatment is specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean your aching kidneys and bladder and remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in 3 ways to end your troubles.

1. Starts killing the germs which are attacking your kidneys, bladder and urinary system in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
2. Gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.
3. Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organism, and stimulates the entire system.

Praised by Doctors, Chemists, and One-time Sufferers

Cystex is approved by Doctors and Chemists in 73 countries and by one-time sufferers from the troubles shown above. Mr. Reg. Thomas, Townsville, Queensland, recently wrote: "My joints were all stiff, I had leg pains, my back used to ache day and night. My bladder was weak. I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back."

Guaranteed to Put You Right or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, in 24 hours and to be completely well in 1 week or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! Now in 3 sizes—1/16, 1/2, 8/4.

This is a **GUARANTEED Cystex** Remedy for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

## DEAF?

"CHICO" INVISIBLE EARPHONES, 21/- PAIR.  
• Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Amazingly effective. Guaranteed lifetime. Write for free booklet.  
MEARS EARPHONE CO., No. 54, State Shopping Block, Market St., Sydney.

## SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO



## Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, in New York; and BARBARA BOURCHIER, in Hollywood.

**L**AST week pilot-screen star James Stewart was injured when making a forced landing in his private aeroplane near Van Nuys, in California. His doctor reports his condition as satisfactory.

Stewart was recently granted a year's leave by his studio, MGM, for army service.

**GINGER ROGERS** has just obtained her final divorce decree from Lew Ayres.

**MEXICAN** señoritas are well chaperoned. Director Reuben Mamoulian found this out to his cost while making "Blood and Sand" in Mexico City. One scene in the picture called for Tyrone Power to kiss forty girls in forty seconds. As each young lady had to have her chaperon on the set, Mamoulian had to pay forty duennas to stand around and watch!

**THATCH - HEADED** comedian Sterling Holloway fell and broke his leg just before he was to report for a fine part in "New Wine." Heart-broken, he thought he would have to forgo his work, but the director had other ideas. The script was changed and now Sterling reports to work on crutches, his accident being incorporated into the story.

**NEWS** from Leslie Howard in England tells us that the Howard home has been billeted with thirty little evacuees. This is a good thing, Leslie says, because it keeps Mrs. Howard busy and prevents her from missing her own children too much. Ronald, Leslie's son, is in the army, while Leslie Ruth, at seventeen, is with the Women's Ambulance Corps in London.

A FORMER WAITER IN HOLLYWOOD, NOW A PRODUCER, CUT A WRITER'S SALARY £50 A WEEK BECAUSE THE WRITER HAD ALWAYS NEGLECTED TO LEAVE A TIP!

## PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

### ★★ INVITATION TO A MURDER

(Week's Best Release)  
Geraldine Fitzgerald, Thomas Mitchell. (Warners.)

"INVITATION TO A MURDER" has an unusual and provocative theme.

It centres on a sixty-year-old University professor (Thomas Mitchell) who learns that he has a heart ailment that gives him only six months to live.

Determined to make the best possible use of the limited time left to him, Mitchell decides to murder some person whose death would remove a menace from the world.

He finally selects as his victim a beautiful but hateful woman (Mona Maris) who is ruining the happiness of his two friends (Jeffrey Lynn and Geraldine Fitzgerald).

Mitchell, as the philosopher-killer, has by far the most important role in the film. All the players are excellently cast. Mona Maris returns to the screen after five years' absence to play the heartless airen. — Haymarket-Civic; showing.

### ★ THE HOUSEMASTER

Otto Kruger, Diana Churchill. (Associated British.)

**A**DAPTED from the Ian Hay stage hit, this British comedy-drama gives you a story about a kindly, tradition-bound housemaster of an English public school. The housemaster (played by polished Otto Kruger), whose life is wrapped up in his school and his devotion to his boys, learns that the stern new headmaster is trying to get him to resign.

But the real trouble begins when Kruger's three madcap girl wards arrive from Paris and incite the boys to flout the head's orders.

A charming and human tale, "The Housemaster" offers interesting glimpses of English life in a public school. Otto Kruger has a warmly human role. — Embassy; showing.

### ★ DR. CYCLOPS

Albert Dekker, Janice Logan. (Paramount.)

**T**HIS lavishly-produced technical novelty is remarkable for its trick photography by which men are reduced to one-fifth their normal size.

The story centres on a mad scientist (Albert Dekker) who in his laboratory buried in the South American wilds has discovered the secret of reducing men and animals to minuscule.

A party of too-inquisitive fellow scientists become his victims.

The cast was deliberately selected from little-known players. The only woman in the story is Janice Logan, while Victor Kilian, Charles Halton, and Thomas Coley are other of Dekker's "human guinea-pigs." — Lyceum; showing.

### ★ THE BANK DICK

W. C. Fields, Una Merkel. (Universal.)

**"THE BANK DICK"** gives bulbous-nosed W. C. Fields ample opportunity to display his very individualistic comedy talents—his picturesque pantomime and his breezy repartee.

In it he plays a besotted, henpecked small-town husband who wins the job of bank detective by an odd chance.

He does everything a detective should not do, even involves his future son-in-law in an embezzling stunt.

W. C. Fields fans will enjoy this burlesque. Other players are completely subservient to him. It is a crazy tale, full of comic situations and characterisations. — Capitol and Cameo; showing.

## Shows Still Running

★★★ The Letter. Bette Davis in tense drama. Century, 8th week.

★★★ Escape. Norma Shearer, Robert Taylor in excellent screen version of Ethel Vance's best seller. St. James, 3rd week.

★★ Pride and Prejudice. Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier in vivid period comedy. Liberty, 14th week.

★★ Contraband. Conrad Veidt, Valerie Hobson in exciting spy melodrama. State, 3rd week.

★★ High Sierra. Humphrey Bogart, Ida Lupino in grim gangster drama. Plaza, 2nd week.



## Teething well over

Children come easily and happily through teething when their bloodstream is kept cool and their habits regular by Steedman's Powders, the safe, gentle aperient. For over 100 years mothers have given Steedman's to children up to 14 years.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.

**Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS**

FOR CONSTIPATION

John Steedman & Co., Waltham Rd., London, Eng.

## Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made Mixture That Quickly Darkens It.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can make at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Of course, you could do the mixing yourself to save expense. "Just get a small box of Orlax Compound from your chemist and mix up with 1 ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce Glycerine and a half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.



# The Movie World

April 5, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

21

## Bob flies from romance

By Joan McLeod  
in Hollywood

**T**HIS year handsome Robert Taylor is going in for virile action stories on the screen in a really big way.

He is the hero of exciting aerial adventures in "Flight Command," and plays a frontiersman in his next film, "Billy the Kid." This is a remake of a 1930 drama which starred Johnny Mack Brown and Wallace Berry.

"Flight Command" is a story of America's fleet air arm. Taylor plays the role of a newly-graduated air cadet from Pensacola Flying School, who wins an assignment with the navy's fighting squadron.

He has no romantic scenes in this film. The only kiss that his attractive leading lady, Ruth Hussey, receives is from Walter Pidgeon, who has a supporting role in the film.

These films are completely to Taylor's liking. Eighteen months ago he actually went on strike because he wanted better stories and stronger roles.

He flatly refused to make any more love stories like "Lady of the Tropics." Since then he has appeared in "Waterloo Bridge" and "Escape," scoring two of the biggest hits of his career.

The decorative Hedy Lamarr, Taylor's fellow star in "Lady of the Tropics," has also turned her back on this torrid type of romance.

Six months ago Hedy told her studio, MGM, that she wanted to prove she could act as well as look beautiful.

Hedy has revealed a surprising flair for comedy in her latest films. As the Russian woman tram-driver of "Comrade X" she romps through gay satire with Clark Gable.

In "Come Live With Me" she shares sprightly romantic comedy with James Stewart.

Both Robert Taylor and Hedy Lamarr are lucky. According to Hollywood experts, "Flight Command" and "Comrade X" are typical of the new trends in film entertainment. Every studio is making one or two big aviation films with a topical angle—and worldly comedies.



- At right: An amusing scene from "Comrade X" in which Hedy Lamarr plays a Russian tram-driver and the teasing Clark Gable an American newspaper reporter.
- Below: Ruth Hussey farewells Robert Taylor while Walter Pidgeon stands by in MGM's aviation drama, "Flight Command."





• Period ruffles can be either amusing, as when worn by Margaret Sullivan in "Back Street" (above), or seductive, as when they adorn Marlene Dietrich (top right) in Universal's "Flame of New Orleans."



## BEAUTIES... who turn back the clock

The present consumption of frilling, satin, beading, and artificial flowers is terrific. For every studio is popping one of its chief beauties into a period picture. Vivien Leigh is Nelson's Lady Hamilton, now called "The Enchantress," for United Artists. Jeanette MacDonald is the Victorian Maanyeen of "Smiling Through" for MGM. Joan Fontaine is being tested by Selznick for the demure "Jane Eyre." And the reason? The present swing to romance in entertainment.



• Costumed for an '80's polka at the Governor's Ball in Universal's "The Lady from Cheyenne," Loretta Young looks enchanting.



## This STAR'S SECRET can be yours

Charming Madeleine Carroll, Paramount Star, knows the value of Color Harmony in Powder, Rouge and Lipstick.

### Max Factor Hollywood

prescribes the correct shades for her and 96 per cent. of all Hollywood Stars. You, too, can improve your natural beauty, whether blonde, brunette, brunette or redhead.

By filling in the coupon below you will receive your Personal Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Chart which lists the correct shades for your individual type. Sold at all leading Stores and Chemists and the Max Factor Salon, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney.

### HAVE YOU TRIED MAX FACTOR NORMALIZING CLEANSING CREAM?

The new cleansing cream that "agrees" with your skin whether it is dry, oily or normal.

**Max Factor**  
Hollywood & London



Representatives for Australia:  
Fred C. James and  
Geo. H. Anderson Pty. Ltd.  
Box 3962Y, G.P.O., Sydney.

Max Factor, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney, Australia. Send Max Factor personal Complexion Analysis and Lipstick palette. Enclosed reference to stamps to cover postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Makeup chart and 48-page illustrated instruction book, "The New Art of Beauty Makeup" by Max Factor.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY OR TOWN \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

FREE

| Complexion                          | EYES                           | HAIR                               | SKIN                            |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------|------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Very Light <input type="checkbox"/> | Blue <input type="checkbox"/>  | BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/>    | Dry <input type="checkbox"/>    |
| Fair <input type="checkbox"/>       | Grey <input type="checkbox"/>  | Light <input type="checkbox"/>     | Oily <input type="checkbox"/>   |
| Golden <input type="checkbox"/>     | Green <input type="checkbox"/> | BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/> | Normal <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Medium <input type="checkbox"/>     | Hazel <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/>     | LDs <input type="checkbox"/>    |
| Dark <input type="checkbox"/>       | Brown <input type="checkbox"/> | BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>  | Moist <input type="checkbox"/>  |
| Bald <input type="checkbox"/>       | Black <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/>     | Dry <input type="checkbox"/>    |
| Red <input type="checkbox"/>        | Red <input type="checkbox"/>   | REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>   | Atal <input type="checkbox"/>   |
| Light <input type="checkbox"/>      | Light <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/>     |                                 |
| Dark <input type="checkbox"/>       | Dark <input type="checkbox"/>  | Dark <input type="checkbox"/>      |                                 |

1. Fill in name, address, city, state, and zip. 2. Fill in eye, hair, and skin color. 3. Fill in eye, hair, and skin condition. 4. Fill in eye, hair, and skin type. 5. Fill in eye, hair, and skin shade.

### From CHRISTINE WEBB in Hollywood

While other actresses are being laced into fur-bellows, Alice Faye is rejoicing in film clothes that are strictly 1941. "I never have a chance to wear modern things!" wailed Alice recently to her chief, Darryl Zanuck. She went on to say that she had worn period costumes for four films in succession—and that she would like just one outfit which would make the other girls envy her. Zanuck agreed with Alice, put her into the modern "That Night in Rio," and sent her off to 20th Century's top designer, Travis Banton, to get some really stunning clothes. Now Alice has a super wardrobe of 34 different ensembles, each with its own accessories, and Zanuck has a dress-bill of £9000.

# Prevent "DENTURE BREATH"



## NUCLEAN

### TO KEEP DENTAL PLATES NEW & CLEAN

1/6

"NUCLEAN" is the new, scientific and revolutionary way of sterilising and hygienically cleaning artificial teeth and dental plates. It removes all stains and discolourations immediately, leaving artificial teeth pearly white and dentures gleaming with the sheen of newness.

"NUCLEAN" will not harm your plates, nor corrode the pins on which artificial teeth are built.

"NUCLEAN" positively prevents "denture breath." It's economical . . . safe . . . sure. All you have to do is apply a little "NUCLEAN" on the tip of a wet, stiff brush, and rinse in clean cold water.

Recommended by Australia's leading dentists.

Costs only 1/6 at all chemists and stores throughout Australia. Keeps the breath sweet . . . your mouth clean and wholesome night and day.





• Kind-hearted Clark Gable, who himself had to work hard to attain his present secure position in the film world, has proved a friend in need to many a struggling young screen aspirant. Dennis O'Keefe is one young man to whom Clark lent a hand.



• You will have to watch closely to see Bette Davis in Warners' "Shining Victory," for in it she has only an extra's role. Above is her one scene in the film. She is shown with director Irving Rapper, Doris Lloyd, and James Stephenson.

## Heart-warming tales of famous players

### FOR FRIENDSHIP, BETTE DAVIS DOES AN EXTRA'S WORK

By BARBARA BOURCHIER  
in Hollywood

IT was the first day of shooting on "Shining Victory," Warner Bros. film, now in production. Pacing nervously up and down the set, director Irving Rapper watched the crew setting up lights for the first scene.

The start of a new picture often gives the most experienced director a touch of the jitters, but for Irving Rapper this was the most anxious moment of his life. It was his first assignment as a fully-fledged director. Previously he had spent his time helping the Warner Bros. stars with their dialogue while someone else had the responsibility of directing them. Now he had been promoted to guiding the talents of Geraldine Fitzgerald and James Stephenson in an important film.

#### Bette walked in

WIPING the perspiration from his forehead, he called for the extra girl in nurse's uniform who was to bring in a letter for this first scene. "All right, call the girl," echoed his assistant.

The door opened and a slim figure came towards him.

"Hello, Irving," she said. "I wanted to wish you luck with your first picture—and I'm going to play 'extra' to-day if you don't mind—you know—just to see how it feels to work in an Irving Rapper picture!"

The "extra" was Bette Davis. For several years Rapper had helped her with her lines, and now she had come to help him. Immediately the tension left the atmosphere, the crew relaxed and started joking about the new "extra," and soon the cameras were rolling on the opening scene. Bette had demonstrated, not for the first time, that she is one of the stars who never forget their friends.

Bette Davis was once the grateful recipient of another star's kindness. She says she owes her success to the kindly guidance of George Arliss.

He spent hours coaching her, teaching her about camera angles, and giving her constant encouragement. Now, with two Academy Awards to her credit, Bette is in a position to help others. Many of the younger players at her studio go to her for advice. She helped Jane Bryan over insurmountable hurdles on the road to stardom. When Jane was faced with the momentous decision of giving up her career for marriage, she went



• And here is Irish Dennis O'Keefe, the young actor whom Gable helped. No one had paid any attention to O'Keefe until he came under Gable's observant eye. Now he has a contract at Republic, and is being constantly loaned to other studios for leading parts.

to Bette for an answer to her problem.

"Get married," Bette is quoted as saying. "There aren't enough Academy Awards to make up for what you'd be missing." Jane took her advice and retired to a life of domesticity with her husband, Justin Dart. Just to round out the story, we might add that when Bette Davis was married, on New Year's Eve to Arthur Farnsworth, the wedding took place at Jane's ranch home in Arizona.

#### Lucky chance

AND Bette isn't the only one. A couple of years ago Carol Lombard noticed a pretty secretary at Paramount studios and got her a screen test. The lucky girl was Margaret Tallichet, who has played in a number of films, has since married one of Hollywood's ace directors, William Wyler, and is soon to star in a New York play.

Dorothy Lamour, dictating letters to her private secretary, Patti McCarty, noticed that Patti had a pert profile and a vivacious personality.

"You belong to pictures, not behind a typewriter," Dorothy said. "I'm going to see if I can get you a test." True to her word, but sighing a little at the thought of losing such a good secretary, Dorothy Lamour boosted Patti into pictures. Columbia has since signed her to a long-term contract.

Dennis O'Keefe, tall, blond, and handsome, was just an extra in a barroom scene. Clark Gable picked him out!

"That boy looks like good screen material," Clark said to his director. "Why not give him a chance with a small part?"

Curly-headed Fred MacMurray helped New Zealander Colin Tapley to acclimatise himself to the quaint ways of Hollywood. They were both under contract to Paramount at the same time and became fast friends. Fred's position as a star entitled him to many privileges and he used these, in friendly fashion, to help the career of the beginner from across the sea. Colin Tapley has now joined up in Canada, abandoning his promising career for the life of a soldier, but he hasn't forgotten Fred, and the help he gave him.

BE SLENDER ...  
IN THE GORGEOUS NEW

**KAYSER**  
"Warmees"  
REG.

Guard your slender silhouette and glowing good looks with slim-fitting Kayser Warmees, that triumph over winter's worst! Cozy vests, knickers, bloomers, to cherish you by day ... elegant nightgowns, dashing pyjamas, for bed-time bliss! ... in down-soft cotton, silk-and-wool, and wool, including—

The Modern Miracle  
"K-Shrunk"  
REG.

Kayser is in the headlines with an amazing new process, "K-Shrunk," which makes wool, and silk-and-wool, lingerie so unshrinkable that you can WASH THEM HOW YOU PLEASE and they'll ALWAYS keep their shape, size, and soft texture. EVERY GARMENT CARRIES THE KAYSER GUARANTEE. Look for the Kayser "K-Shrunk" label.



Featured, Style No. 1115,  
in the new knitted cotton  
fabric Kay-Suede 16/11

I'M A ONE BRAND WOMAN NOW

## Astaire dances again in "Second Chorus"



**IN PARAMOUNT'S** modern musical, "Second Chorus," Danny (Astaire) and Hank (Burgess Meredith), two undergraduates who run profitable college band, meet Ellen (Paulette Goddard)



**2 BOTH FALLEN** in love with her, the irresponsible Danny and Hank manage to get Ellen fired from her job as secretary, then delightedly engage her to act as business manager of their dance band.



**3 UNFORTUNATELY,** for a foolish prank, Danny is expelled from the University, thus breaking up the band.



**4 NOW OUT** of a job, the enterprising Ellen goes to New York, where the susceptible Art Shaw gives her the post of manager of his famous dance band.



**5 WHEN THE** lovesick Hank and Danny follow Ellen to New York she tries to get them a job with Shaw, but without success.



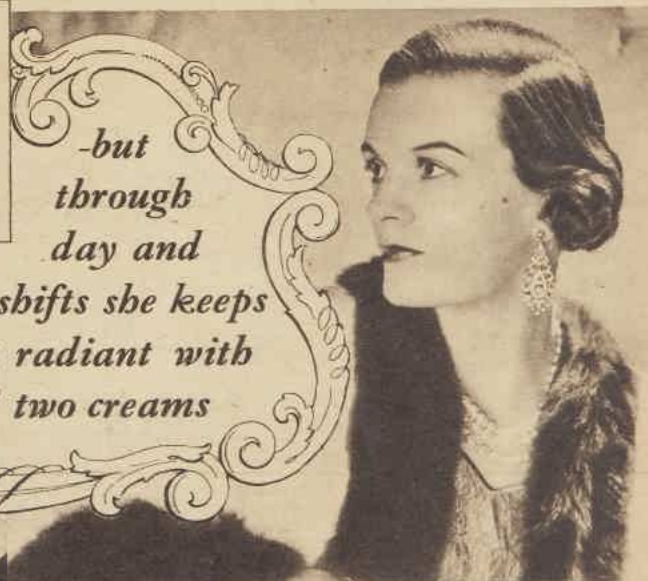
**6 THEN THE** luckless pair insult Ellen's wealthy admirer (Charles Butterworth), so that he refuses to sponsor an Art Shaw concert as he had promised Ellen.



LADY CYNTHIA TOTHILL  
*drives an Ambulance*

Lady Tothill is the only sister of the fifth Earl of Bandon. She is slender, dark, with shining dark eyes, brown hair and a gloriously smooth skin. To-day she is doing war work, driving an ambulance.

ce -but  
through  
day and  
night shifts she keeps  
her skin radiant with  
Ponds' two creams



THE WORLD'S LOVELIEST WOMEN  
FOLLOW THE POND'S BEAUTY METHOD  
*It can bring YOU new loveliness*

For thorough skin cleansing, use Pond's Cold Cream every night and morning and during the day whenever you change your make-up. Pat it on generously, leave it on a few minutes, then wipe it off with cleansing tissues. Pond's Cold Cream removes every bit of dust and stale make-up... keeps your skin flawlessly lovely. Then use

Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base and skin softener. This fluffy, delicate cream holds powder smoothly for hours, and it protects your skin from the roughening effects of sun and wind. Now here's an extra beauty tip. To make your skin stay soft and smooth, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream last thing at night before bed.



Sold at all stores and chemists in 1/2  
tubes, 1/1 jars and syringes 2/8 jars  
containing approximately 12 times as  
much. (Including Sales Tax)

**FREE!** Mail this Coupon today with two 1¢ stamps in a sealed envelope to receive postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams—Cold and Refreshing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's New Improved "Grape-Prunl" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted.

|        |                          |         |                          |        |                          |         |                          |
|--------|--------------------------|---------|--------------------------|--------|--------------------------|---------|--------------------------|
| RACHES | <input type="checkbox"/> | ROOM    | <input type="checkbox"/> | UNITED | <input type="checkbox"/> | HUNTAN  | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| LIGHT  | <input type="checkbox"/> | NATURAL | <input type="checkbox"/> | LIGHT  | <input type="checkbox"/> | NATURAL | <input type="checkbox"/> |

PONDY DEPT. 18-87 (186111) J. G. O. MELBOURNE  
NAME  
ADDRESS

**QUESTION TO  
LADY CYNTHIA TOTBILL:**

Driving an Ambulance must be very hard on your complexion, Lady Tothill?

**ANSWER:**

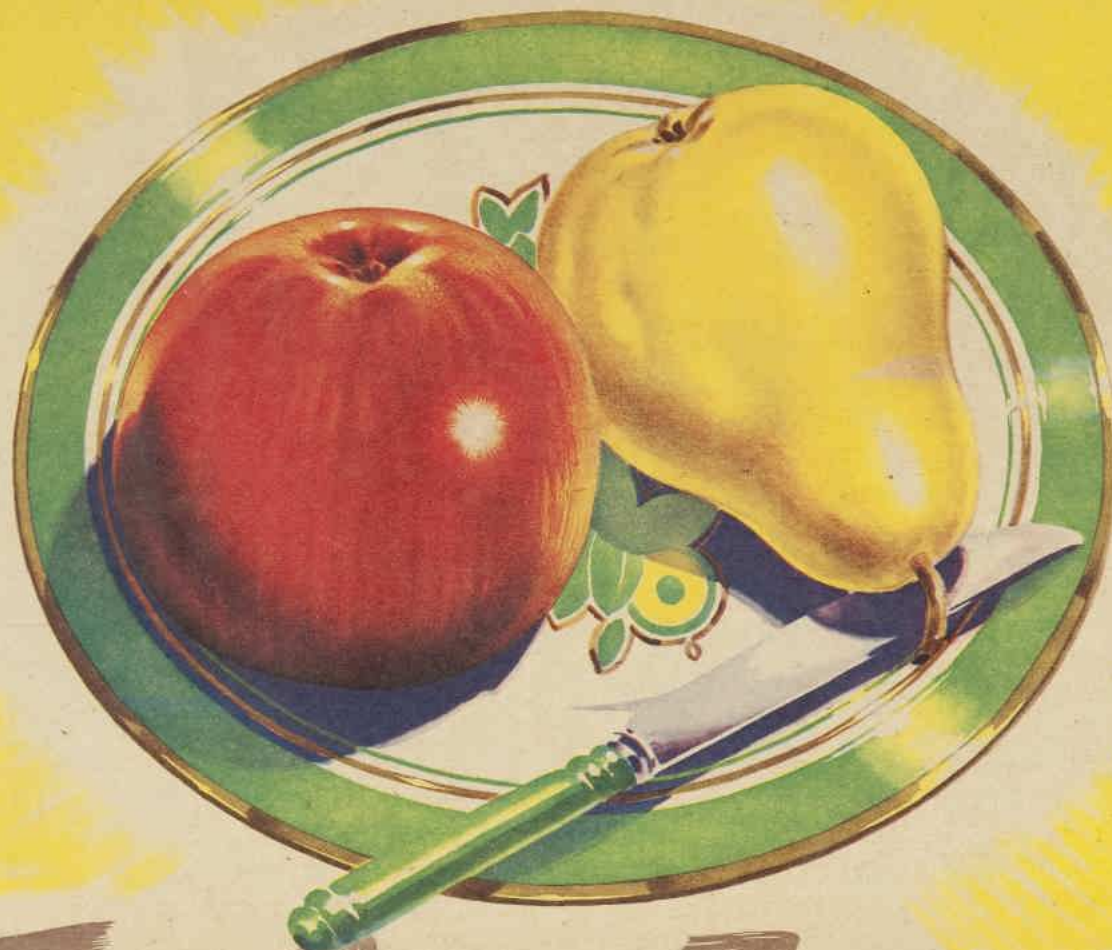
It is. It's especially hard! I am out of doors in all weathers, and sometimes day and night, but I find Pond's creams are a splendid standby. They keep my skin in perfect condition, and have completely counteracted any tendency to develop lines and wrinkles as a result of eye strain.

**QUESTION TO  
LADY CYNTHIA TOTHILL:**

Of course you can afford the most elaborate beauty treatments. How is it you prefer Pond's Creams?

**ANSWER:**

I find Pond's Creams keep my skin in perfect condition, with none of the trouble expensive beauty methods involve. Since I started using Pond's two creams, I have been frankly amazed at the improvement they have made to my complexion. My skin has become smoother, finer and healthier.



# Two Good Friends of your

TEETH... FIGURE... COMPLEXION... FITNESS



THIS year's crop of Apples and Pears is the finest for years.

Big, rosy-cheeked Apples! Glorious juicy Pears! How you will revel in them! But—eat them *regularly*... *daily*... and you will find them as good for you as they are good to eat. Dentists, Dietitians and Doctors all warmly recommend Apples and Pears as part of your daily diet.

Dentists advise the regular eating of Apples because of the vital bone and tooth building elements of Calcium, Phosphorus and Vitamin C which Apples contain.

Dietitians value Apples as an energy food, ideal for those who must watch their figures.

Doctors prescribe Apples for numerous ills. In cases of constipation, Apples provide not only "bulk," but Pectin, an element invaluable for promoting normal intestinal activity. An Apple after every meal cures indigestion, as you can prove for yourself... while Apples provide a source of Vitamin A which helps ward off colds and other infections. To get more out of life eat plenty of healthful Apples and Pears. Give them to the children every day, serve them cooked (cooked Apples retain their natural health qualities). And drink Apple Juice—it is a tonic and reviver.

Issued by the APPLE AND PEAR BOARD

# APPLES & PEARS

FOR FITNESS

# FASHION PORTFOLIO

April 5, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

27

## GAY SWAGGERS . . .



• Studied nonchalance reflected in a straight boxy coat that is done in palest grey angora wool boldly striped in fuchsia. Notice the flattering collar which snuggles high under the chin and turns back over the shoulders.

• An American-inspired coat of eye-blinding plaid wool, with fullness swinging out from a back yoke and huge sleeves gathered at the shoulder and climaxing in double cuffs.

• The tailored swagger interpreted in thick pastel grey wool checked in fiesta red. The severely simple neckline and straight sleeves enhance the boxy silhouette.

## SUITED... in wool

• Typical of Worth's line — a brief, fitted jacket and swing skirt with three unpressed pleats back and front. For this suit he used earth-brown tweed boldly overchecked in jade, rose, and amber.



• Dorville tops a box-pleated skirt with an impeccably tailored jacket and makes it in a tweed checked in primrose-yellow, royal-blue and red. (Above.)

• Gored skirt of dark grey wool flannel worn with a slim, wool jersey jacket in havanabrown with four rounded patch pockets. From Lucien Lelong. (Centre right.)

• Sleekly tailored three-piece ensemble from Luragan. The blacked grey tweed saunter coat covers the grey flannel jacket and royal-blue skirt. (Extreme right.)



• Dashing suit from Dorville's collection, with jacket featuring an unusual slanted lapping. Made in scarlet tweed and worn with blue accents. (Above.)



# SIMPLE TRENDS

for  
formal evenings

Dramatic new styles  
selected by our New  
York representative

Sketched by  
PETROV



• Surprise touch in evening wear—over a slim, black frock a rough-tweed Eton jacket, printed in plaid in shades of rose and purple.

• Casual sweater in black chenille wool, pouched at the top and fitting snugly round the hips, highlighted with black jet sequins.



• A sirenish black wool cape hanging straight from the shoulders. Relieved from stark severity by a yoke lavishly embroidered with multi-colored stones. (Above.)

• Stunningly moulded red crepe bodice, with shoulders marked by carved white buttons, is offset by a full, richly hanging skirt of navy crepe. (Right.)

• White silk jersey, slim as a willow, is made on Grecian lines and cleverly embroidered with gold beads in leaf pattern. (Extreme right.)



P E T R O V



Take no chances with charm  
... be a **LUX**  
**CHANGE DAILY GIRL**



UNDIES ABSORB PERSPIRATION... A SECOND DAY'S WEAR REVEALS UNPLEASANT ODOUR. SO **LUX** YOUR UNDIES AS SOON AS YOU TAKE THEM OFF. KEEPS YOU DAINTY... KEEPS THEM LOVELY.

Lux saves stocking ladders too—does NOT contain soda



A LEVER PRODUCT

# THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR QUALITY

Arnott's Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuits so popular with everyone — so delicious, crisp and wholesome, contain

1. The whole of the grain of selected wheat which has been grown in special districts for the purpose.
2. The full vitamin protein and mineral salt content of the whole wheat grain.
3. All the elements for tissue replacement and health building in the proper balanced quantities required by the body.

They are non-fattening.

They are a wonderful aid to digestion. This is greatly aided by the natural roughage they contain.

Their analysis reads as follows:—

## SHREDDED WHEATMEAL BISCUITS

72.89% Carbohydrate, 7.44% Protein, 13.3% Fat.

These nice biscuits supply all the essentials to nutrition, in rich abundance. They remain crisp and oven-fresh almost indefinitely as packed in air-tight tins and packets by Arnott's. They are ideal **emergency** biscuits.



WILLIAM ARNOTT PTY. LIMITED

WITH EARLY MORNING TEA



BENEFICIAL FOR CHILDREN



AT 11 O'CLOCK



AT LUNCH WITH BUTTER & CHEESE



FOR AFTERNOON TEA



FOR SUPPER WITH BUTTER, CHEESE, JAM, OR HONEY



# Arnott's

F A M O U S

## SHREDDED WHEATMEAL BISCUITS

ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ARNOTT'S



SLIM-FITTING suit knitted in a new corduroy rib and ideal for general smart wear in the winter months. Original was knitted in grey and worn with contrasting belt, scarf, and hat.

THE unusual rib in this suit is achieved by a clever twist in the wool which is quite easy to do.

The jacket is finished with buttons and contrasting belt. Original was knitted in grey wool.

**Materials:** 1lb. 8oz. of Patons' "Super" or "Beehive" Scotch Fingering, 4-ply, in grey, 1 pair each of No. 10, No. 12 and No. 14 knitting needles, 1 No. 12 steel crochet hook, 7 button moulds 1in. in diameter, 1 yard of elastic 2in. deep, and a matching or contrast belt and scarf.

**Measurements (Coat):**—Length from shoulder at armhole edge, 20in.; width all round under the arms, with ribbing measured flat, 38in.; length of sleeve seam, 19in. (Skirt).—Length, 28in.; fitting a 35 to 37in. hip measurement.

**Tension:** 7 sts. to 1in. in width and 9 rows to 1in. in depth with ribbing measured flat.

**Abbreviations:** K knit, p purl, sts. stitches, rep. repeat, dec. decrease or decreasing, inc. increase or increasing, beg. beginning in inches, pat. pattern, d.c. double crochet.

Work into the back of all cast-off sts. to produce firm edges.

#### COAT

Begin at the lower edge of the back. Cast on 118 sts. using No. 12 needles.

**1st Row:** \* P 4, k 2 (k into the back of the k 2); rep. from \* to end, finishing p 4.

**2nd Row:** \* K 4, p 2; rep. from \* to end, finishing k 4.

These 2 rows form the pat. and are rep. throughout. Continue until the work measures 4in. from the beg.,

finishing after a 2nd row with right side of work facing you. Change to No. 10 needles and continue in pat. but inc. 1 st. at both ends of every 8th row until there are 130 sts. Continue without inc. until the work measures 13in. from the beg., finishing right side towards you.

**Armhole Shaping:** Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 106 sts. remain. Continue without dec. until the armholes measure 7in. on the straight, finishing right side towards you.

**Shoulder Shaping:** Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows, then cast off the remaining sts. for the back neck.

#### RIGHT FRONT

Begin at the lower edge. Cast on 62 sts. using No. 12 needles.

**1st Row:** \* K 2, (k into the back of the sts.), p 4; rep. from \* to end, finishing k 2.

**2nd Row:** \* P 2, k 4; rep. from \* to end, finishing p 2. Rep. these 2 rows until the work measures 4in. from the beg., finishing right side toward you. Now inc. 1 st. at the beg. of every 8th row (wrong side of work facing you) until the work measures 13in. from the beg., finishing wrong side facing you.

**Armhole Shaping:** Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next row, then dec. 1 st. at the same edge on every row until 58 sts. remain. Continue without dec. until the armhole measures 4in. on the straight, finishing right side facing you.

**Neck Shaping:** Cast off 12 sts. at the beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at the same edge on every row until 30 sts. remain. Continue without dec. until the armhole edge measures

8in. on the straight, finishing wrong side facing you.

**Shoulder Shaping:** Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next and then every alternate row until all sts. have been cast off.

#### LEFT FRONT

Work this to match the right front but with all shapings at the opposite edges.

#### SLEEVES

Begin at the lower edge. Cast on 52 sts. using No. 12 needles and work in the rib pat. as on the back for 3in., then change to No. 10 needles and continue in pat., but inc. 1 st. at both ends of every 6th row until there are 76 sts. Continue without inc. until the work measures 18in. from the beg., measured down the middle. Shape the top by casting off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Now dec. 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 60 sts. remain, then dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 24 sts. remain. Cast off.

#### LEFT FRONT BORDER

Cast on 14 sts. using No. 14 needles, and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 17in. Now shape the corner thus:

**1st Row:** Rib 13, turn, rib back.

**3rd Row:** Rib 12, turn, rib back.

**5th Row:** Rib 11, turn, rib back.

**7th Row:** Rib 10, turn, rib back.

**9th Row:** Rib 9, turn, rib back.

**11th Row:** Rib 8, turn, rib back.

**13th Row:** Rib 7, turn, rib back.

**15th Row:** Rib 6, turn, rib back.

**17th Row:** Rib 5, turn, rib back.

## KNITTED IN STRIPES

● This trim knitted suit is designed on slim-fitting, tailored lines. It has an interesting, upstanding yoke which gives a flattering broad line across the shoulders.

**19th Row:** Rib 4, turn, rib back.

**21st Row:** Rib 3, turn, rib back.

**23rd Row:** Rib 2, turn, rib back.

**25th Row:** Rib 1, turn, rib back.

Now rib 14 sts. and continue in the rib until the strip from the shaping measures 6in. Cast off in the rib.

#### RIGHT FRONT BORDER

Work this to match the left front, but also make buttonholes on the 7th and 8th, then every 27th and 28th rows following, thus: Rib 4, cast off 6, rib 3. In the next row cast on 6 sts. to replace those cast off.

#### MAKING-UP

Sew on the front borders, making the shaped parts coincide with the neck shaping, then join the shoulders, sew in the sleeves, making a pleat each side of the shoulder seam. Now press the work on the wrong side lightly with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up the side and sleeve seams and press them. Sew buttons on the left front to match the buttonholes on the right, making these as follows:—

Cast on 10 sts. using No. 14 needles and work in st.-st. for 12 rows. Cast off. Cover the moulds, joining the four corners together on the wrong side. Work 1 row of d.c. all round the neck edge.

#### SKIRT

Begin at the lower edge of the back. Cast on 340 sts. using No. 10 needles.

**1st Row:** \* P 10, k 2; rep. from \* to end (k into the back of the k sts.).

**2nd Row:** \* P 2, k 10; rep. from \* to end.

These 2 rows form the rib pat. Continue until the work measures 4in. from the beg., finishing after a 2nd row.

**1st Dec. Row:** \* P 4, p 2 tog., p 4, k 2 into back of sts., p 10, k 2 into back of sts.; rep. from \* to end (230).

Work 17 rows without dec., working 1 st. short in each alternate panel.

**2nd Dec. Row:** \* P 9, k 2 into back of sts., p 4, p 2 tog., p 4, k 2 into back of sts.; rep. from \* to end of row (230). Work 17 rows with p. 9 in each panel.

Continue in this way, dec. 1 st. on every 18th row following in every alternate panel of the p sts. until 120 sts. remain and the rib is p 4, k 2. Continue in this rib until the work measures 28in. from the beg., then cast off loosely. Work the front in exactly the same way.

Cast on 14 sts. using No. 10 needles and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for a sufficient length to go all round the inside of the top on the wrong side.

#### MAKING-UP

Press the work lightly on the wrong side. Join the sides and press the seams. Sew the strip of ribbing all round the top edge of the skirt on the wrong side, insert the elastic, then sew down the other edge.

**Snug Syllk Lingerie**

Designed by **LUCAS**

**KITTEN-WARM** and looks enchanting!  
Modern wondercloth with sleek surface, yet soft and cozy next your skin

are made with the famous **Evalastic** PERMANENT WAISTBAND

**PYJAMAS PANTIES BLOOMERS**



## THIS 30 SECONDS BREAKFAST *Complete-in-itself*

This one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes served with just milk and sugar packs more energy value than any of these extra big breakfasts!



More than 3 eggs



More than 5 sausages



More than 3 helpings of spaghetti & tomatoes



More than 3 helpings of fried fish



More than 2 helpings of lambs' fry & bacon



More than 3 helpings of brains & bacon

Kellogg's give you back full value for your money in quality. Only the choicest white Australian corn, taken from pre-selected crops, goes into the Corn Flakes that Kellogg's make... and Kellogg's chefs add to this extra rich flavor of corn with the tastiest touch of malt, sugar and salt. Mmmh! — how that family of yours will go for Kellogg's Corn Flakes! Richest in flavor. Richest in energy value. Always say Kellogg's before you say Corn Flakes.



Always say **KELLOGG'S**  
before you say Corn Flakes

# Fashion PATTERNS



F3196



F2041



F1791



F3217



F3232

F2094. — Flattering, draped blouse with tailored yoke. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F2095. — A new version of the popular button-down-the-front style for young things. 2 to 8 years. Requires: 2½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F3196. — Slim style with gathered waistline and contrasting yoke. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide, and ¼yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2041. — Long-torso evening gown with draped top and full skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 6yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F1791. — Perfect ensemble for mid-winter. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3½yds., and 1½yds. contrast, 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F3217. — Sophisticated frock with draped neckline and pouch pockets. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3232. — Simple little frock relieved from sobriety by cunning, pleated pockets. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.



F2094



F2095

## CONCESSION COUPON

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue, 3d stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 5d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department" to the address in your State as under—  
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.  
Box 498F, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Tasmania: Box 188, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
N.Z.: Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)  
Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS  
CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....  
STREET .....  
SUBURB .....  
TOWN .....  
STATE ..... SIZE .....  
Pattern Coupon, 5/4/41.

## Special Concession Pattern

CHARMING autumn trio. Sizes: 32, 34, 36-inch bust.  
No. 1—Requires: 3yds., 36ins. wide, and ¼yd. contrast.  
No. 2—Requires: 2½yds. for jacket, and 2yds. for skirt, 36ins. wide.  
No. 3—Requires: 4yds., 36ins. wide.

## Please Note!

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should:  
\* Write your name and full address in block letters. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. \* State size required. \* For children, state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



MADAME RUBINSTEIN'S  
*Quick Reconditioning  
Treatment*  
FOR A FADED  
"AFTER-SUMMER" SKIN

People will tell you how "well" you look after a summer in the sun. But nine times out of ten you have a "sea-captain's skin"! It's a muddy colour and there are wrinkles around your eyes, lines across your forehead. For this dilemma Helena Rubinstein proposes —

**BLACKHEAD and  
OPEN PORE MASK**

A mask that refines the skin, closes the pores and gives exquisite transparency. Also corrects blackheads, enlarged pores, oily skin. Clears muddy complexion and brings to dull skins the glow of youth. Should be used every second day to obtain amazing results. 8/5.

Every night cleanse your skin with "PASTEURISED" BLEACHING CREAM. It clears, softens and lightens a muddy after-summer tan. 5/-. Then smooth on a little PERFECTION CREAM to discourage squint lines. 7/2.

In the morning use BEAUTIFYING SKIN-FOOD — Madame Rubinstein's famous cream to transform weather-beaten, yellowed skin. An "exerciser." Keep it on while you bathe. 5/-.  
Give yourself a beauty treatment all day with make-up! TOWN and COUNTRY FOUNDATION gives your skin a lovely, clear luminosity. Holds powder all day. Safeguards moisture. 6/2.

My booklet "BEAUTY FOR YOU" will be sent free, on application.

**Helena Rubinstein**  
London Toronto New York

82 Castlereagh Street Sydney  
And at all the smarter stores and chemists throughout Australia.

*All the Colorful Characters  
of Fairyland Parade  
before you in this Enthralling  
New Radio Feature!*

**"The  
STORYMAN"**

Sundays, 6 p.m. **2GB**

KINDLY, WHIMSICAL,  
ABSENT MINDED,  
ALTOGETHER LOVABLE...

**DOCTOR MAC**

He's Coming Back!  
You will Welcome Him

MON. & WED.  
8.15 p.m.

**2GB**

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

**PETTICOAT**

...for the tiny tot

- A delicate slip effectively embroidered with cunning little sprays of flowers.

THIS dainty little garment is made to match the frock and bloomers below, and is obtainable from our Needlework Department all traced and ready to sew together and embroidered. The small shoulders button on each side, and the tiny full skirt is gathered on to a bodice top.

Material is in fine quality winceyette in pastel shades of cream, pink, blue, lemon, and green, or in kabe silk in white only.

The yoke and the hem of the petticoat are worked in a dainty floral design to tone with the shade

chosen for the garment. It is made in two sizes, 2 to 4 years and 4 to 6 years, and the prices are as follows:

Size 2 to 4 years, winceyette, 2/9, postage 3d. extra.  
Size 4 to 6 years, winceyette, 2/11, postage 3d. extra.  
Size 2 to 4 years, white kabe, 3/9, postage 3d. extra.  
Size 4 to 6 years, white kabe, 3/11, postage 3d. extra.

A paper pattern of the design may be obtained for the price of 1/-, with the matching transfer for 1/3 extra.



F2098—A fetching little style for baby—especially good for winter because it combines cosiness and chic.

**VERY YOUNG  
CHARM**

- Such an adorable style for baby... you will love it for its snugness and pretty smocking.

THIS tiny style is for the very young, and is indispensable for the winter months. Made with tiny Peter Pan collar, full sleeves smocked to the wrist, and smocked waist, it is very dainty.

Obtainable in white kabe crepe or warm, fine winceyette in sizes infants to 6 months and 12 to 18 months. The prices are as follows: Kabe crepe (white only), infants to 6 months, 4/11, plus 3d. postage.



F2097—A comfortable and trimly-fitting little slip with simple embroidery for added enchantment.

Kabe crepe (white only), 12 to 18 months, 5/6, plus 5d. postage.

Winceyette in shades of cream, blue, pink, lemon, and green, infants to 6 months, 3/6, plus 3d. postage; 12 to 18 months, 3/11, plus 3d. postage.

A paper pattern of the design may be obtained for 1/-, and the matching transfer for 1/3 extra.

**Dainty frock and  
matching bloomers**

A N attractive set to bring new enchantment to 2 to 6 year old children.

This beguiling little winter style is now available all ready traced for working and sewing together. It features the full skirt falling from a small smocked yoke with unusual shape, and Peter Pan collar to finish the neckline. The sleeves are the set-in variety and are long and warm for the chilly months ahead. A neat floral motif gives a touch of chic to the collar, yoke and hem of the frock. The matching bloomers are very comfy, with shaped waistband. Gathered at the leg, they are finished with the same floral design as the frock.

Materials: We have a new material to offer for this design also. It is a fine, warmth-giving wool crepe, which will wear and always keep its look of newness. Available in dainty shades of pink, blue, and cream. The style may also be obtained in fine winceyette in shades of cream, pale blue, pink, lemon and green.

Sizes are 2 to 4 years and 4 to 6 years, and the prices are as follows:

Wool Crepe, size 2 to 4 years, Frock 9/6, post 9d. Size 4 to 6 years, Frock 11/6, post 9d. Size 2 to 4 years, Pants 3/11, post 3d. Size 4 to 6 years, Pants 4/6, post 3d.

Complete Set 2 Pieces: Size 2 to 4 years, 13/3, plus 9d. post. Size 4 to 6 years, 15/6, plus 9d. post. Winceyette: Size 2 to 4 years, Frock 3/9, post 3d. Size 4 to 6 years, Frock 4/6, post 3d. Size 2 to 4 years, Pants 1/9, post 2d. Size 4 to 6 years, Pants 1/11, post 2d.

Complete Set 2 Pieces: Size 2 to 4 years, 5/3, plus 5d. post. Size 4 to 6 years, 6/-, plus 5d. post. A paper pattern of the design may be obtained for 1/6 complete. The matching transfer is 1/3 extra.



F2098—An attractive frock and matching bloomers—pretty enough for a party yet sturdy enough for everyday wear.

SEND TO THIS ADDRESS!

Adelaide: Box 288A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 4022, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 691G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4088W, G.P.O. If calling, 126 Castlereagh St., or Dalton House, 115 Pitt St. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 155, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

**KEEP HAPPY AND BRIGHT... Take Eno!**

Keep cheerful by keeping fit... that's a duty nowadays. If you're overworked, eat hurriedly and do not get enough sleep, you are likely to fall an easy victim to indigestion, sick headaches and, consequently, depression.

Guard against this state of affairs by taking Eno's "Fruit Salt" regularly. Through its natural and gentle action, Eno regulates the system, washes away all poisons, and, being alkaline, corrects acidity. Take a sparkling glass of Eno every morning and know real health.

2/4½ and 3/11.

chemists, stores  
and canteens.



*Take only Eno because*

Eno contains no Epson, Glauber or other harsh, purgative mineral salts.

Eno is non-irritant and non-habit forming.

Eno is pleasant to taste, safe, mild yet thorough in action.

Eno being highly concentrated is far more economical.

**ENOS' FRUIT SALT**

The words "Eno" and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks.



# On the Social Record

## by Miss Midnight

### Show is on—almost . . .

IT won't be long now . . . Show, races, parties, Easter weddings, and at least three romantic engagements.

Imagined that with so many country men abroad with A.I.F. and Air Force there might be shortage of wide-brims round town. But apparently not, as hotels and King's Cross flat agents report "house full."

The Tom Rutledges, of Bungendore, will stay at Park Lane Mansions . . . also Mrs. Peter Poole, of Armidale, and Mrs. Rex Middleton, of Goulburn.

Hampton Court is address of the A. J. Shannons (Bowling), the E. K. Bowmans (Wargundy), and Fred Carrs (Goulburn).

Rowley Munro is coming from Moree to judge ring events. He will choose best-dressed lady rider, a difficult task last year given to Bob Ashton, who, incidentally, has been round town lately in Air Force uniform.

And Mrs. Whitney, of Coombling Park, will be here again, too . . . health permitting. No Royal Show would seem complete without her. I believe she is 96 in June.

### Light Horse wives . . .

AMONG "Light Horse" wives who'll soon be in town are Mrs. Fred Beveridge, of Billabong, Gundagai, and Mrs. Bill Whitehead, of Gnadbro, Wagga. Both husbands are in camp at Wallgrove.

Peggy Whitehead has entered in most of Show ring events. She and her sister, Ailsa Robertson, of Gundagai, are trucking six horses to Sydney this Friday. They will share flat in Macleay Street with former school friends Cay Neylon, of Melbourne, and Phyl (Mrs. Ken) Mackay, who is also riding.

Another horsewoman coming from south is Mrs. Graeme Austin, of Humula, the former Joan Neuen-dorf, of Melbourne.

### Easter parties . . .

CHEERY curtain-raiser to Easter festivities will be students' dance at Hopewood House this Friday . . . proceeds for mine-sweepers' comforts.

Girls are doing all work for party themselves, including preparing supper for eighty guests.

Helen Foster, Jean Hawker, of Goondiwindi, and Joan Allport, of Gulgong, elected hostesses. Others who will be there . . . Susan Levy, Dabee FitzEvans, Margot McKenzie, Jill Roberts, new Dutch student Henrietta Polk, June Witherington, Shirley Hunter, and Margaret Maxwell, who makes her debut on April 19, when sixteen hostesses give dance at Redleaf.

On April 5 lots of young ones will roll up to dance at White City — first effort of newly-formed Bellevue Hill Younger Set working for R.A.A.F. Marcelle and John Poate, Jack and Dahils Robertson, Nancy Tonkin, Cynthia Adams, Bill Latimer are on committee.

### Going south . . .

MEET Mrs. Syd Croll choosing with unerring taste several race ensembles which will enhance Randwick lawn. Tells me that as soon as races are over she is off to Victoria to stay a month with Sheila—Mrs. Geoff Plater. Sheila has taken a flat at Toorak while her husband is training with armored division at Puckapunyal.

### Agatha remembers . . .

MENTION to my Aunt Agatha that Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Poate celebrated silver wedding anniversary on Saturday . . . which starts her reminiscing about war weddings. Last war, not this one.

Says she: "Yes, they met and were married abroad in 1916. Mrs. Poate a lovely, dark-eyed girl who had not long left a French convent. She was born in Egypt."

"That same year, also, the Roy Bucklands were wed . . . April 29 it was. Sir Alfred and Lady Davidson and Surgeon-Commander and Mrs. W. E. Roberts will celebrate their silver anniversaries, too, later in the year."

### Convenient time . . .

DITHA BRITZ chooses Easter Saturday for wedding day so that lots of country people can attend. Ceremony at St. Canice's is 6.30 p.m. Desmond McGrath the bridegroom. Her cousin, Vyvienne Britz, of Tamworth, Mrs. Jack Brennan, Mildred Mack, and Margaret Webster will be in bridal retinue.

Mudgee visitor Mrs. Hugh Duff (Ditha's sister) gives shower tea at Carlton. Other country guests include Mrs. Gerald Locke (Cowra), Mrs. M. Britz (Tamworth), Mr. and Mrs. R. Gudgeon (Mudgee), Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Friend (Moss Vale), Arthur Preston (Orange), Tess McCall (Toronto).

### Apple Isle guests . . .

MORE visiting wedding guests . . . Captain and Mrs. Ivan Holyman and Mr. and Mrs. G. A. McKinlay due this week from Tasmania for wedding on April 7 of Gilbert McKinlay and Anne Colvin, at St. Stephen's.

Bridegroom, too, is coming from Launceston, and after honeymoon will take his bride back there to live.

Anne is elder daughter of former State Lotteries director, R. J. Colvin, and Mrs. Colvin, of Roseville. Her younger sister Joyce is to be bridesmaid.

### Seen around town . . .

JOAN GALBRAITH arriving at Coles' basement laden with curtains she is lending to add homely touch to Opportunity Shop, which opens this Friday.

Carmen Hordern, tall, slender, and attractive in tailored pale blue frock, white hat with broad scarlet band . . . lunching at Prince's. She left Abbotsleigh last year.

Smart in navy-and-white stripes and high-crowned white hat . . . Phyllis Malcolm Reid, here from Adelaide again.

### And heard . . .

DR. F. Windeyer Traill, of Woolahra, and Mrs. Dorrie Mullins were married five days ago.

Joanne Woolcock stole a march in other Queensland girls. Met lots of American naval officers during fleet's visit to Sydney and returned to Brisbane for their stay there . . . her engagement book marked "full."

Truda Beechey has arrived from New Zealand home to wed Albert Camp.



● NAVAL INFLUENCE. Dorothy Brown's new chapeau is most striking fashion note around town.



● IT'S SKATING SEASON . . . so Alma and Dulce Dyne take to the ice again at the Glaciarium rink.



● KEITH SLATER and his bride (former Nancy Glen) look extremely happy as they leave St. Stephen's after wedding.



● SISTERLY ACT at Minerva matinee for C.U.S.A. . . . Marie Coen (left) buys floral spray from debutante sister Patricia.



● AT RED CROSS House, smart young matrons, Mrs. Wal Anderson (left) and Mrs. Lex Albert, meet to discuss plans for Red Cross Queen Competition.



● FOR BUILDING sand castles and swimming at Lady Martin's Beach, Marjorie Moss wears rose-pink swimsuit of oiled silk.



● FROM MELBOURNE came Mrs. John Winter-Irving (left), and Miss Helen Keogh for recital given at Conservatorium by their sister, Dorothy D'Orn, to aid Red Cross.



● CHARITY TENNIS. Joyce Oswald (left) and Joy Jolley at Darling Point tournament in aid of Deaf, Dumb, and Blind.

## Certain-to-sell SHORT STORIES

A Vic. Weekly paid £7/10/- for one story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Note: "Returned in Smith's," recently brought me between £3 and £5.

"Three serials returned me £145." For my last story, "The Darling of Hobart Town," I received £6/10/6.

In one week I had printed matter in only two papers ("Smith's" and "The Bulletin") to the amount of £1/15/-, which, I think, is rather satisfactory.

"I have had three articles accepted by ILO and broadcast by the A.B.C."

"The Bulletin" headlined my story, "Justice." I received £4/12/8 for it.

"I have just received a cheque for £4/13/6 from 'The Bulletin' for my story, 'Old George'."

"I received £3 for my first story, 'Twin Ships'." Tilly Pulls Through.

**Stott's Correspondence College**

100 Russell Street, Melbourne; 141 Castlereagh Street, Sydney; 280 Adelaide Street, Brisbane; 50 Grenfell Street, Adelaide; 254 Murray Street, Perth.

You too, can win success as a writer by taking STOTT'S Postal Course.

MAIL THIS COUPON — CUT HERE.

To Stott's: Please send me Literary Prospectus Free, and without obligation.

MY NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

A.W.W.341

## TINEA (SURFER'S FOOT)

This modern scourge, which attacks the hands and other parts as well as the feet, is ABSOLUTELY BANISHED by a special paint evolved by a distinguished chemist after years of research. Simply apply twice daily and allow to dry. No messy ointments or dressings. For full-sized bottle send name and address together with P.N. 3/6 to THOMAS-LISTER CHEMICAL CO.

P.O. Box 36, North Sydney.

## ★THE SPOTLIGHT'S ON YOUR HAIR!



Constant daily care with Barry's Tri-coph-erous will give your daughter beautiful hair for the rest of her life.

Constant daily care with Barry's Tri-coph-erous gives you gleaming, lustrous hair that is lovely to look at and easy to manage.

Use Barry's Tri-coph-erous to stop Falling Hair, Dandruff, Premature Greyness, Dry or brittle hair, Over-oily or itching scalp.

**BARRY'S  
Tri-coph-erous**

FAMOUS HAIR TONIC AND DRESSING  
Sold by all Chemists & Stores. 3/3 bottle.

**YOU CAN'T  
OVER-WEAR  
THIS UNDERWEAR!**

Continual washing doesn't age Nile Athletic Singlets. They're woven for WEAR from selected Egyptian yarn. Prices 2/6, 3/11 and 3/6. Also Nile Junior Athletic Singlets for boys, 1/6.

A PIONEER PRODUCT

**NILE**

ATHLETIC SINGLET

RE WELL-DRESSED UNDERNEATH  
Manufactured by Pioneer Sportswear Industries Pty. Ltd., 126 Broadway, Sydney.



WHEN Pop was feeling good he'd sing. He had a nice voice. I can drive myself crazy half remembering "The Low-backed Car," or that fool piece, "The Irish Jubilee." I never saw it written down, but I can still hum some of the words the way he used to rattle them off.

Oh a short time ago, boys, an Irishman named Dorrity

Was elected to the Senate by a very large majority.

He felt so elated that he went to Dennis Cassidy.

The owner of a bar-room of a very large capacity.

With the words I can smell a whiff of whisky and tobacco as I climbed in his lap. I didn't like it, and often told him so, but anything was worth while to get that song—

Two by three they marched in the dining hall.

Young men and old men, and girls that were not men at all.

Blind men and deaf men, and men who had their teeth in pawn.

Soda crackers, fire crackers, limburg cheese with tresses on, and then something about—

In came Piper Heldseck and handed him a glass of wine.

I hadn't the faintest idea who or what Piper Heldseck was. Years after, I found the name on a bottle the first time Wyn and I drank champagne together. It made me cry.

Even now, when the old man's been dead so long. I often think of him. There were things he said that I almost didn't notice at the time.

Mother wasn't dead very long when one day Myrtle was hanging out washing on the line. In among his and Mac's big things were some of my nightgowns. He noticed them and said, "I'll be glad when those clothes of yours grow up. It's lonesome washing that don't have a woman's clothes among it."

Lonesome washing—I think of that sometimes, the other way round. I guess there's a lot of women good and sick of nothing but feminine flimsies coming home in the laundry.

It used to make Wyn laugh when he found we lived just round the corner from Orthodox Street. That's in Frankford, and a long way from the Main Line. If you know what that means in Philly, it's freight trains and coal yards and factories and the smell of the tanneries down by Frankford Creek. The fact they were building an L out our way was comic to Wyn; it was a New York kind of thing to do, not in the Philadelphia picture.

But I'm not thinking about Wyn just now; really I'm not. I'm trying to get ready to think about him by getting the B.U. clear in my mind. B.U. was what he called Before Us. He was wonderful at making up a language of our own. I guess all lucky people have one, but they're not likely to tell about it.

I've pretty much gotten over the idea I had once that I was queer, different from other people. But it was a funny way to be a small girl, alone with men so much older than me, and then pushed out into a different world a thousand miles away. After Mother died, various people, for instance Aunt Hatie, dined it into the old man that I should lead "a normal life." That made him obstinate. He liked having me around, he gave me free run, and then suddenly he'd turn cranky.

One time Lena McTaggart and I hiked all the way over to where the Barnum and Bailey circus train was parked on a siding, in North Philly. Of course, we were late getting back; he and Mr. McTaggart

each blamed the other, it was the beginning of a regular feud. "Listen, Mac," said Pop, "there's lots of leather belting made in Frankford, why don't you use some of it on that kid of yours?"

After three boys, Pop was awfully ticked at having a daughter; I don't know just why. He enjoyed going to stores with me to buy girls' clothes. It was comical to hear him consulting old black Myrtle about what I ought to wear. I overheard her: "Dat chile gwine be handsome, you should dot her up a bit. Get her some froufrou." This did me good till I heard the old man say, "She ain't female at all. She looks just like me from the waist up, she's got no more shape than a cricket bat."

Out of the steam of the wash-tubs, Myrtle said: "Shape'll come. Dey bulges here and dey bulges dere, all of a sudden dey's real pleasurable."

This didn't mean anything to me, but it sounded hopeful. One day I found Pop waiting outside when school let out. Kids dislike their parents to sleep out of routine, and also I was sensitive about the old man being so crippled up and walking on a stick. I wondered what the devil he was staring at us for. He explained he was looking to see what kind of clothes the other girls wore, so he could pick something special for me. Bless his old heart!

It must have been then he got the plaid dress I was so proud of. I think that was Myrtle's suggestion, she heard Lena McTaggart and me cutting out paper dolls and discussing their costumes. Myrtle was proud of the fact we were "Scotch-Irish." She figured that Irish, like colored people, were sort of on their own, secretly at odds with the rest of the world.

When you're a kid it's a big help to have someone really proud of you and show it. That was Myrtle. Things I wouldn't have thought much about came back now because that old colored woman made a fuss about them. After Mother died Myrtle came more often, and she certainly kept us up to the mark. There was Pop's walking-stick with the silver handle and an inscription from the Frankford Cricket Club, she always kept it polished.

"Let be that cane," she shouted at Lena and me when we wanted to use it in some game we were playing. "That's your Pop's gentility cane." After I got over the shock of Mother being dead in the Front Room, I used to want to go in there sometimes, but Myrtle was always driving me out of it.

Colored people don't have to stop and think in order to be wise; they just know about things naturally. It comes out of them.

The back yard was fun. People sometimes smile at Philadelphia, but almost every house in Philly has a yard of its own, no matter how small. The back yard and the front porch are what I remember best. It was a regular porch, with

hands pulled Gerry aboard, making room for one more. And Karen's arms were about him; now that she had him, he felt her body shaking. "We had to go with the crowd," she said. Her smile broke through, "so I—I left a message."

He held her to him, murmuring. "What a brick you are, Karen!"

"It all comes from my being sentimental," said Karen. "I gathered up all—all of our wedding I could."

Behind them shrapnel was falling. Behind them guns boomed. Beside them a woman tried to tell her gratitude. Underneath them were smooth rails, and ahead of them, through countryside still free and smiling, the sea and neutral shipping; beyond all that, for them, a new world.

Aware of these things, he saw only that pillar where he had left Karen, the emptying concourse, the confusion of tracks, of trains, of cars and people . . . and through it all, product of a woman's wits, a thin trail—unmistakable as any ever laid down in a paperchase—a gaily colored trail easy even for a man in desperation to follow. He commanded his voice.

"Confetti has its uses," he said.

(Copyright).

## Kitty Foyle

Continued from page 3

a thick blanket of white ramble. On the posts were two rusty screw-eyes, ever since the days they had a gate there to keep me from falling off the steps. "Good old Kitty," Pop said. "Whenever she sees a place to fall off of she runs right at it."

In the yard, below the kitchen windows, was a wistaria vine on a trellis. Sunday mornings when Mother went to church, and Mac slept late, the old man used to sit in a wicker chair under the arbor and I played on the lawn. As Mother went off, Pop winked at me and said, "See if you can get the Pope's telephone number."

I knew where he kept it; it was his bottle of whisky.

He was pretty well crippled with arthritis. Every time I'd hear the old wicker chair creak as he shifted he'd mutter a swear word. Mac learned from the doctor how to ease him the way a trained nurse does. Mac would stand with his feet braced against Pop's, and hold out both hands. The old man would grab them and Mac would swing him up; they'd sway together like they were wrestling, poor old Pop growling with pain.

There was never any need to worry about my learning bad words at school. I picked them all up listening to the old man in his rheumatism spells.

Then Mac would ease him down into the chair again and Pop would take another shot of whisky, which was probably the worst thing for him, and go on hunting for some cricket news in the Ledger. Maybe it's a good thing he died when he did, he'd be pretty sore at the old town now. There's no steam engines at Broad Street Station, and no morning Ledger, and I guess they've almost forgotten how to play cricket.

Some days, to sprawl on the grass. I'm given the grey shawl, which the old man liked to see around, grandfather wore it for an overcoat when he came from Derry in a sailing ship because the Irish couldn't get enough potatoes. Maybe Pop feels better sitting in the sun, or he's easy in his mind with a noggin of whisky and Mother at church. "It's wonderful," he said, "how people love each other when they're separated a bit."

Under the arbor, specially if he could smell dinner getting ready, he'd sing some of those old Scotch-Irish songs. I never knew what they were all about, but when I had oatmeal he'd hum:—

What's the rhyme to porringer?  
Do ye ken the rhyme to porringer?  
King Jamie had a daughter dear  
And gave her to an Oranger.

I wasn't sure what an Oranger was except it was something that annoyed the Church of Rome, and gave Pop an extra celebration in July. The Twelfth, he said, was three times as good as the Fourth. He celebrated the Fourth for his sons, but the Twelfth for his father.

When he put on the orange sash we knew he'd come home stupefied.

THE worst fuss I remember was the time Mother got angry and threw the sash in the garbage. Pop came out about noon, after a long snore, and saw one end of it trailing out of the can. He was wild; the vein in his temple swelled up and he let off some Londonderry language. "In the garbage, of all places!" he shouted. "Well," says Mother, "that's the place for old oranges."

Mother's habit of throwing away things she was tired of always gave him fits. There was an old sofa cushion, all tattered and faded, but he used it for years to put in his lap when he was reading. His rheumatism made it hard to hold up a book or newspaper, so he laid it on the pillow in his lap. I guess this particular cushion just suited him, or he'd got fond of it. Come to think about it, maybe the real difference between him and Mother was, he was the kind of person who likes things when they're old.

That pillow was a great comfort to him, but Mother suddenly decided it wasn't worth mending again, and threw it out. She never learned you could do anything with the old man if you prepared him for it beforehand; he hated to be taken by surprise.

He hunted for his cushion everywhere. When he learned it was gone I expected another explosion. He was so mad he forgot all about rheumatism and stood right up out of his chair without even a curse. I waited for the row, but after opening his mouth he sat down again, and all he said was, "Maybe you're right." Mother was so surprised she cried, and went over to kiss him. I guess we knew then he was getting old. When you're old I suppose you just let things happen and think, "What's it matter?" She bought him a new cushion at Snellenburg's, and he tried hard to like it.

That was pretty good for anyone that was half Irish. Him, I mean. He said I was lucky because my Irish was only a quarter. What he called the mixture of a good highball. Half and half is too strong, he said.

I like that twenty-five per cent. It gives me a private alibi for all sorts of grief and comedy. Molly said once that I was the kind of person to whom things happen. I guess that's true and it means various kinds of hell; but they happen mostly in the Irish twenty-five. There's another part of me that keeps cool, ticks along calculating and steady, like the meter in a cab.

By the time you grow up you try to toughen yourself to quarrels and absurdities. When you're a kid they shake you up badly. But in spite of the general goodness of our home doings I like to think of the little back yard for its feeling of security.

Hot days there was a green shadow under the wistaria vine, and the damp drying off the brick paving where Mother sloshed it with the hose. She'd lift Pop's feet up on a stool and the cat would jump in his lap while Mother streamed the hose under his chair. There was a smell of roses along the board fence. Pop wouldn't paint it because he said the roses looked prettier against the weathered wood.

Please turn to page 38

**New Under-arm  
Cream Deodorant  
safely  
Stops Perspiration**



1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless washing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

15 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold. Try a jar today!

**ARRID**

2/- a jar. Also in 4oz. jars.

All Chemists and stores selling toilet goods.

Distributors: Farnett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

## Bronchial COUGH



### Just a Few Sips—and Like a Flash—Relief!

You can get to-day at any chemist or store a bottle of **Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture** (triple acting) — by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzard cold Canada — take a couple of doses and sleep sound all night long... One little sip and the ordinary cough is "on its way" — continue for 2 or 3 days and you'll hear no more from that tough old hang-on cough that nothing seems to help.

A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

**Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE**

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney



## The SECRET of BLONDE HAIR!

Why it is DIFFERENT... Why it needs a SPECIAL Shampoo How to keep it shining—always

Blonde hair is different. It is distinctive. It spells personality—charm— allure. It lifts you out of the crowd and gives you extra attractiveness. Men look twice. Never sacrifice this—your natural advantage. Never let your blonde hair darken. Keep it fair always with **Sta-Blond**. And if your hair has darkened, **Sta-Blond** will bring back its former fair golden sparkle, and with it will come back lost fascination, beauty and appeal. For **Sta-Blond** is made specially for blondes—it succeeds where ordinary shampoo fail.

**Sta-Blond** is safe. No dyes or injurious bleaches. Its precious Vitex nourishes roots. NOT A LUXURY—BUT A NECESSITY AND AN ECONOMY FOR NATURAL BLONDE HAIR

**STA-BLOND**  
THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO

## Can't Sleep?

Drugs won't do—

You need these New Concentrated Nerve-Strengthening Tablets.

Don't drug and dope yourself to sleep... get at the cause of your sleepless nights—run-down nerves due to worry and strain. Read how Mr. R. A. Hart, of 4 King Edward St., Rockdale, N.S.W., gained peaceful sleep without drugs. He writes: "I am a returned soldier who has undergone 30 major operations for war wounds. My nerves were completely run down and I could not sleep. I have taken one bottle of **Phosphorated Iron** and now I can sleep without any drugs. I am feeling a new man already."

**Phosphorated Iron** is a scientific combination of organic iron, phosphorus and other special nerve-tonic ingredients concentrated in easy-to-take tablets. It restores, calms and strengthens jumpy, weak and run-down nerves. Quickly builds fresh reserves of nerve force.

Decide now to build up your nerves and end the worry and torture of sleepless nights. Ask your chemist to-day for **Phosphorated Iron**.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

# Women also Serve.

## Aircraftwomen learn their jobs

Training work begins at depot

AUSTRALIA'S first W.A.A.F.'s are learning their jobs, and they are no glamor jobs.

Complete Air Force discipline prevails at the W.A.A.F. depot, Mayfield Ave., Malvern, Victoria, where 31 aircraftwomen and four officers are in residence.

The girls will do at least a month's training. When it is complete they will be available to relieve men as teleprinter operators and wireless operators, as well as cooks and stewards for duties in R.A.A.F. hospitals and nurses' quarters.

Comparatively few officers will be appointed.

The ranks with corresponding R.A.A.F. ranks in parentheses will be:

Aircraftwomen (aircraftmen), sub-officers (corporals, sergeants, and flight-sergeants), under-officers (warrant officers).

Assistant Section Officer (pilot officer).

Section Officer (flying officer).

Flight Officer (flight lieutenant).

Squadron Officer (squadron leader).

Wing Officer (wing commander).

Group Officer (group captain).

The W.A.A.F.'s will be required for ground work only.

They must be prepared to be sent to any part of Australia.

Trainees are already on the R.A.A.F. payroll. Future stewardesses and cooks receive 3/4 per day, future teleprinter operators 8/-.

They are also allowed 1/8 per day mess allowance. Meals are exactly the same as those served to the R.A.A.F., but W.A.A.F.'s are allowed two-thirds of the ration allowed for Air Force men.

They have not been issued with uniforms yet, but they will receive a full outfit of clothing. Their trim airforce-blue jackets and skirts will be tailored to measure.

At present the girls are working in civilian clothes. There is no ban on make-up as long as it is used with restraint, but brightly-lacquered finger-nails are discouraged.

The Air Board has taken over St. Margaret's School, Malvern, where trainees are housed. Classrooms are being used for dormitories, which contain regulation R.A.A.F. furnishings.

They look very like R.A.A.F. dormitories. In the day time palliasses and blankets are folded at the heads of the beds, and towels laid across the feet in true Air Force fashion.

The only additions are small, plain combined wardrobe-dressing-tables, one for each trainee.



COOKING LESSONS in the kitchen. Corporal W. Kitwen shows A.C.W. Moulden and A.C.W. Ellis how it's done in the R.A.A.F.

tion for Melbourne Y.W.C.A., in administrative officer, and Miss Cynthia Lettis is officer commanding flight. Miss Lettis, who has been chief instructor in the W.A.T.C. since its inauguration, is in charge of drill and training at the depot. Miss Gwen Stark, of N.S.W., the assistant section-leader, is at present remaining in Sydney, but she will go to Melbourne later.

Officers are addressed as Miss or Mrs. Trainees are addressed as A.C.W., meaning aircraftwoman.

### Early start

A LARGE part of the training consists of learning as much as possible about ranks, regulations, and procedure in the R.A.A.F., and about barrack routine.

The day begins at 6.30 a.m. for W.A.A.F.'s. Bedclothes must be folded and rooms cleaned before breakfast at 7.15 to 7.45.

First parade is at 8 a.m. Half an hour's squad drill is then given, and those training in teleprinter operation go to headquarters for instruction, returning in time for lunch.

After lunch, served at long tables, there is washing-up fatigue, then half an hour or an hour's drill before lectures.

Some members who are being trained as store clerks, storekeepers, and mess stewards will become the permanent staff of the training depot.

The day's work ends at 5 p.m. Lights out is at 10 p.m. Trainees must stay in barracks three evenings a week.

Most of the trainees were typists, stenographers, and receptionists be-



A.C.W. PEG COCKBURN helps A.C.W. Coral Clabburn to make her bed. Blankets must be folded in regulation R.A.A.F. style.

fore they joined up, but some of them are lacking their first jobs.

All have received intensive preliminary training with the W.A.T.C. and are responding quickly to the strict discipline under which they are now working.

Already they conduct themselves with brisk efficiency while on duty.

Don't keep on powdering your nose when you're out with him!



Best way to overcome "shiny nose"—use Revelry, the face powder that has extra cling.

## Revelry



### FREE SAMPLE

A smart little box of Revelry Face Powder, lasting size, absolutely free. Just clip this advertisement, attach your name and address, and send to: J. & E. ATKINSON PTY. LTD., Box 3536 R.R., G.P.O., Sydney.

Y.2.12



## Soothe TIRED BURNING EYES!

A drop of Murine in each eye night and morning brings amazing relief. ... Ask your Chemist.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney

**MURINE**  
For Your EYES

## HOLIDAYS

Book at

## WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

St James Bldg., Elizabeth St., Sydney. Tel. MA4496.

**CORNWELL'S**  
PURE MALT VINEGAR  
BREWED FROM Malted Grain  
THE VINEGAR COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA  
SYDNEY NEW

*For a Salad Success*

The most enticing salad dressings are made with the sparkling flavour of this fine old Vinegar. You can always rely on Cornwell's Pure Malt Vinegar.

**CORNWELL'S**  
PURE MALT VINEGAR

IN QUARTS AND PINTS

**PEARS' soap is different**

Judged by appearance alone Pears' Soap is different... you can look right into the heart of a tablet. Even its fragrance is distinctive... it comes from the pure soap itself. You cannot mistake Pears' for any other soap—or any other soap for Pears'.



**Pears' ORIGINAL TRANSPARENT SOAP**

10-204-33 A. & F. PEAR'S PTY. LTD.

**H**E was home so much, either on account of working at night or his rheumatism, he kept the little garden in good shape. He used to say the smell of cut grass was the best perfume in the world, except maybe peat whisky.

Nobody knew the smell of grass better than he did because while his health was good he was groundkeeper and coach at one of the swell cricket clubs; he used to go there afternoons and teach the members batting practice. Once in a while he took me over to Germantown to watch. There was a big mower pulled by a horse that had slippers on his feet and made a sleepy sound. I mean the mower did. Then I got the idea of that grass perfume. It's a Philadelphia kind of smell, you don't get it quite the same anywhere else.

There were men in white trousers in alleys between fish-nets, and Pop telling them what to do. I wandered round watching the horse and I heard a yell. A red ball came sizzling across the lawn and caught me right on the shin. They all quit playing to come and fix me up, took me to the clubhouse, and gave me ice cream. I remember I rubbed ice cream on the bruise on my leg.

## Kitty Foyle

Continued from page 36

white satin and lace and having a cake with doves in frosting all round it like what I saw in Hanscom's window on Frankford Avenue, while the men got plastered in the kitchen.

Even after Mother died Pop made pathetic attempts to keep the Front Room special. He went in there sometimes to sit in the red velvet easy chair, but I don't think he was ever quite easy. It didn't seem right to sit there in shirt sleeves. On the mantel was a wonderful gilt and glass clock under a glass bell; Grandpa got it at the Centennial Exposition in 1876. Philadelphia hasn't forgotten the Centennial even yet, the old man used to talk about it sometimes. If he was alive now he would pretend that this New York World's Fair was just an upstart, though I daresay he'd like its general Tammany flavor.

That clock was made an imitation of Horticultural Hall, you could see all the works, which were usually slow. "It has Philadelphia blood," Pop said. The kitchen clock, a much more homely thing, was fast. Once we had an argument, how long would it be, with the two clocks getting farther apart from each other at a definite rate, before they would both again tell the same time. Mac said that was easy and went upstairs to figure it by algebra. Mother said they never would, because two wrongs never made a right.

Pop went in the back yard to think it over. Mac came downstairs once to ask, did we mean till both the clocks told the same time or till they both told the correct time? The correct time, Pop said. "Gee," Mac said, "I bet that'll be about a thousand years." He went upstairs again to calculate, and didn't come back at all. Meanwhile they forgot to wind the clock and it stopped.

**P**OP and I were like those two clocks, so different but gradually coming closer together again. I'd go crazy if I tried to figure out the problem, but it gave me a notion there are a lot of lovely things just out of reach. That's how I felt, years after, when the old man died. So much comedy and hard sense and shyness in him and I could never get at it again.

I had to take care of breaking up housekeeping when Pop died in 1930. (Mac was the only one of the family left in Philly.) The Front Room was hardest, somehow, because it had never really been lived in. The stuff hadn't suffered the way everything else had. Some of it we shipped off to the other boys. Denny got the Centennial clock because he was the oldest, but I hope he don't keep his appointments by it. Most of the things went out as junk.

No one but me was interested in the toy snow-storm. That was the glass ball that stood on a bracket ever since I remember. It was full of clear water and a figure inside, a little girl on a sled coasting down a hillside with a red scarf flying round her neck and a castle in the background. When you shook the ball she was surrounded by a whirling blizzard, then gradually it would settle down and was clear and peaceful. I took that with me and have it yet. The castle came to mean Wyn and the Main Line, and I say "Hello, little girl on a sleigh-ride." So in a dumb way it reminds me of myself—not that I need much reminding.

It reminds me of something else too, if I let it. The day of Mother's funeral it was snowing. The Front Room never quite got over the funeral. I sneaked in there by myself when she was in the coffin. Everything smelled terribly sweet and dead. I had to give the glass ball a shake to reassure myself.

Aunt Hattie and Uncle Elmer arrived just then from Manitow and found me in a spasm of weeping, which I dare say they thought quite proper. I couldn't possibly have told anyone why I was crying.

Life's a lot different from what the people pretend. That's why pretending is fun. I used to think it was some special wickedness of my own that made such queer things happen. Now I'm beginning to guess that everybody's like that. Wyn told me some of the weird things that happened in his family, which you would certainly never suspect from reading the respectful items about them in the Public Ledger.

**Y**OU see a lot in the papers about the Man's point of view, and the Woman's etc., as if they were never the same. That's just a gag to keep women from being a nuisance, or getting too many of the good jobs. They're not really so different.

Maybe they are, too; yes, maybe they are. Oh, I like them to be different, thank God for it. I guess I was just trying to sell myself an idea because I'm so thoroughly licked.

Wyn and I were talking about it once; the difference I mean. I said Men and Women are the same at bottom. He razed me about that. He said, "You mean fundamentally. Sure. If you take a house and put new wiring and plumbing in it, you don't call it a different house."

"But maybe it's a better house," I said.

One of the things that was so grand about Wyn, he often made me think of things to say that were better than what he had said, and he loved it as much as I did.

But about the Front Room. It had long lace curtains at the windows. Over in the far corner near the snow-storm was a hot air register with a fine warm blast from it, very soothing when it blew up your skirts. Women's legs have been cold so long nowadays, they don't know how good those old registers felt. You'd stand over it and catch the heat inside your clothes, then try to sit down quick enough to keep warm underneath. I remember Pop, rheumatism and all, shining up the register with stove polish when Mother was laid out there. It was the last thing he could do for her.

Over the mantel was a big engraving of Signing the Declaration of Independence. Mac leered at me once when I asked innocently, "Did all the Signers live on the Main Line?" In the fireplace, which we never used, the grate was filled with a big fan of white shelf-paper, folded in pleats like something by Schiaparelli.

The marble-top table, between the windows, had a pile of Pop's albums and scrapbooks about cricket, and any number of photos of famous Eleveners. Also there was a set of hanging bamboo shelves filled with silver cups. Each cup stood on a d'oyley, and had in it an old cricket ball, trophy of some big match, or some time when Pop had done the Hat Trick, which I think was to bowl out three batsmen in one over. Anyhow he had the hat, a high, silk stovepipe. He'd like to keep that in the Front Room, too, but Mother wouldn't stand for it. She had it upstairs in camphor, he wore it at her funeral for gravity.

The chandelier had three crystals gone, probably from the boys taking them off to look at the light through them. Right underneath was a love-seat, one of those spindly little settees with two seats facing opposite, gilt legs and lavender silk cushions. Mother was so keen about that piece I think there must have been some story connected with it.

I wouldn't be surprised if it came from the old Upsal home in Germantown. I can't imagine Pop buying anything so nifty.

Two people sitting there found their faces quite close and convenient, like Pop's fool riddle he used to tease us with. There's two sheep in a field, he says, one facing east and the other facing west. What'll they have to do to look at each other? Lots of people answer right away, they'll have to turn round. But, of course, they're actually facing each other already; just like in the love-seat. But that piece of furniture was too flimsy for any very spirited courtship.

To be continued

## SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS—when treated with "VANIX"

become less and less noticeable after the first few applications, then gradually wither and finally are completely destroyed.

"Vanix," a scientific discovery of Paul Van Schwyler, is simple and pleasant to use, quite harmless to the skin, and is obtainable, price 5/9 (posted 6/1) from Hallam Pty. Ltd., 310 George St., Sydney, and all 15 branches; SWIFF'S Pharmacy, 375 La. Collins St., Melb.; The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Mth. C. A. Edwards, 536 Edwards St., Brisbane; and Bicks Chemists Ltd., 90 Rundle St., Adelaide.

**Do You Know? MEN with Teeth of PRECIOUS STONES!**

**The MALAYS OF SUMATRA** OFTEN HAVE PRECIOUS STONES—PRICELESS DIAMONDS, SAPPHIRES, RUBIES—INLAIN IN THEIR TEETH!



**TOOTHACHE CURED FOR A PENNY!**

IN ENGLAND, 1600, A WISE WOMAN OUT LAMBETH WAY, SOLD FOR A PENNY A CHARM OF SAINT APOLLONIA WHICH WAS SAID TO PREVENT TOOTHACHE FOR THE LIFE OF THE WEARER. TOOTHACHE IS CAUSED BY DENTAL DECAY. KOLYNOS GUARDS AGAINST DENTAL DECAY—CLEANS EACH TOOTH SURGICALLY.

**LOUIS PASTEUR (1822-95) GAVE EVIDENCE OF "BACTERIAL MOUTH"**

LOUIS PASTEUR PROVED THE PART THAT BACTERIA PLAY IN DECAY. IT IS A SCIENTIFIC FACT THAT "BACTERIAL MOUTH" IS THE CAUSE OF DENTAL DECAY. YOU MUST KILL THOSE DEADLY DECAY GERMS THAT CAUSE DENTAL DECAY AND TOOTHACHE. KOLYNOS CLEANS EVERY TOOTH SURGICALLY AND ANTISEPTICALLY. — GUARDS AGAINST DENTAL DECAY.

**KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM 1/3 AND 2/6**

IS MORE ECONOMICAL TOO. KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY TOOTH PASTE. YOU NEED ONLY HALF AN INCH ON A DRY BRUSH.

## Life is full of interest after forty

IT seems obvious to me that Miss Fluerty (15/3/41) is a very young "miss" and not an old maid of more than 40.

Even if a woman has lost her youthful appearance she need not have become plain or unattractive. Even if her health fails, too, that is no reason to lose completely the joy of living. That is not the exclusive right of youth.

It springs from within. The years neither give it nor take it away. Life begins when we are able to appreciate it. That is not always in youth.

Mrs. D. McGrath, Timmsvale P.O., via Coramba, N.S.W.

## Dancing grandmas

YOU are right and wrong, Miss Fluerty. Certainly it would be ridiculous to suppose that life as it was lived at twenty could begin all over again at forty.

At forty one can still keep bright



Keep bright and cheerful . . .

and cheerful. It is an age of balance and reason, and should be enjoyed as such.

The years between forty and fifty have many joys.

At present they may be years of great usefulness. It is the middle-aged people who can give great service in this war. Not in the front line, but as home guards and war workers.

They are proving the backbone of England's civilian armies. They may yet win their spurs in Australia.

C. Moorhouse, Sundridge St., Taringa, Brisbane.

## Youth is past

PORTY is the half-way mark for most of us and from then on comfort, security and peace are our main aims.

Stress of youth is past, but so also are its joys and excitements and these latter far outweigh the former.

Ask the over-forties whether they would like to be twenty again and see what the answer would be.

Mrs. J. R. McNamara, 33 Bringa Ave., E. Camberwell E6, Melbourne.

## "I KNOW IT'S A TROUBLESOME TIME,"

says Mrs. MOTHERWELL



"But most of the trouble's exaggerated. Obviously the change-over from a liquid to a solid diet is not easy for baby, but there's Robinson's 'Patent' Groats to help him—and you. It's a cereal food possessing properties which help to build bone and muscle, and it's suited to baby's delicate digestion. It's the finest thing for the purpose I know."

# ROBINSON'S

## "PATENT" GROATS

"MY BOOK," a complete guide to infant feeding, will be sent if you write Keith & Colman (Australia) Ltd., G.P.O. Box 2515 B8, Sydney, and enclose 2d. stamp for return postage. Q411

## CHILDREN SUFFER

ALTHOUGH husbands, fathers, and brothers in the A.I.F. are fighting for the future generations, many women are not backing up their menfolk.

They think the war can best be won by going to meetings every day and all day, subscribing a few shillings here and there.

Consequently they have little time for their homes and the children on whose behalf the men are fighting. Families are served hurried meals hastily prepared.

Children should be the first consideration of those left at home. A healthy "next generation" will be one of our greatest assets.

Mrs. N. Rappold, M.K.C., Ravenshoe, via Cairns, Qld.

## ILLUSIONS OF YOUTH

HOW much accent is laid these days upon youth and the necessity for "new blood and fresh ideas!"

To my mind, youth is too busy adjusting itself to life in the early years; too easily sensitive to hurt to match up with the older generation.

A young man in his late twenties is no match for his older brother of thirty-five or forty or so, who has long since grown out of his habit of chasing illusory ideals. Instead, he has gained that wisdom which consists so largely of experience.

Miss M. Davies, 60 Burwood Rd., Concord, N.S.W.

## IS THIS OLD-FASHIONED?

MY daughters call me "old-fashioned" because I think they should meet their men friends formally.

I thought I had brought them up with great care, but I find that their men friends have not all been introduced to them.

I do feel that such behaviour must lessen the respect the men have for the girls.

If I remonstrate the girls tell me that "everybody does it." They add that they are quite able to look after themselves. But many of the men who take them about, instead of being friends, are just "pick-ups."

Have I failed in my duty to my daughters, or are my misgivings exaggerated?

I. M. Dorman, Wargoon, Wingham, N.S.W.

## Fashion helps exchange problem

IT can be said no longer that fashion is just froth and bubble. In the midst of a savage blitzkrieg British fashion designers have set out to capture world markets—with bombs whistling down into their very workrooms and studios.

Beautiful creations, with all the loveliness of line and color for which English designers are famed, are still being despatched to the markets of the world.

With scissors and tape measures English fashion houses are helping to stabilise the exchange position by regular export shipments.

So an occupation regarded even in peacetime as frivolous becomes an important adjunct to victory.

Hats off to the soldiers of the scissors.

El to Mrs. H. Golischewsky, c/o W. Strathdee, New Bundaberg, Qld.

## Children and the horrors of war

WITH M. I. Jamieson (15/3/41) I think that children should have many phases of the war explained to them.

If hostilities should spread and this country become involved it would be far less shock to them.

Keep horror from the very tiny children, but endeavor to explain to the older ones just what freedom means. It will give greater zest to their war efforts.

I met a little chap of four years of age who is a keen collector of silver paper and waste paper.

Mrs. C. Hope, Buffalo, Vic.

## Fairyland existence

IT would be impossible to keep children ignorant of the war news.

What with broadcasts to schools and the international reels at picture houses, so many kiddies are better primed on current events than are their elders.

Our children ought not to grow up in a fairyland kind of existence because when they reach adolescence they will receive a rude awakening.

But for the youngsters our war effort would be the poorer. One need only mention the Brownies, Girl Guides and kindred organisations to realise the wisdom of imparting the truth.

Miss S. James, 367 Carrington St., Adelaide.

## Protect the young

DON'T talk to children about the war. Let them enjoy life while they are young.

Who knows what may be their fate in another 20 years from now?

Why fill their little minds with horror, which they would not understand?

Their turn will come far too soon. Mrs. H. Wright, 113 Woids Ave., Hurstville, N.S.W.

## Depends on age

WHEN children are old enough to read the papers it is foolish to prevent them from doing so. Therefore they must hear a good deal about the horrors of war.

I think, however, that it is wicked to tell very young children of terrible happenings. They may leave a permanent scar on their minds.

Mrs. R. Scully, Lindsay St., Perth.

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

For the best letter published each week we award £1. and 2/4 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

## IS IT MUSIC?

WHAT is the fascination of jitterbug music? It's all the rage at the moment. It is hummed in trains, sung in workrooms, and echoes round the dance halls.

A hit has a tremendous run for three or four months and is then completely forgotten.

To me it is a collection of swirling sounds without intelligent connection. Perhaps it coincides with the rush of an age when the eyes of the majority have no time to rest on the lovely, lasting creations of man or nature.

But it would seem that in a few years' time our ears will be attuned only to bear the turn of factory engines and the squeaking of brakes.

J. Mackenzie, Seven Hills Rd., Baulkham Hills, N.S.W.

## SENSITIVE ABOUT AGE

WOMEN friends of mine become almost hysterical if anyone asks them their ages. I often wonder why. Perhaps it is a matter of psychology, or perhaps it is an attitude of mind left over from the days when there was much more reliance about personal matters.

This coyness certainly does not bear the light of twentieth-century common sense.

Mrs. A. Forst, 146 Fletcher Rd., Largs Bay, Adelaide.

## POOR FATHER

WHEN the children are young, father is the ideal playmate, the king of story-tellers. As they grow older his position changes.

"I'll tell your father" becomes a threat, and fear is introduced into the relationship.

Later still, father, no longer feared, is pushed more or less into the background by his family. He is useful for signing cheques, but he does not have the confidence of the children.

"Father wouldn't be interested" or "father wouldn't understand" is their attitude.

While we love and reverence our mothers, let us not neglect our fathers. They sacrifice much in order to give us things they have missed themselves.

C. Seaborn, 321 Cavendish Rd., Coorparoo, Brisbane.

## Good manners needed on both sides of counter

I CANNOT agree with Miss J. MacDonald (15/3/41) concerning the rudeness of customers.

During Christmas I worked in a large city store, and was pleasantly surprised at the general conduct of shoppers. Only in rare cases were women exacting or thoughtless.

It was a good experience, and presented both sides of the counter to me.

Miss B. Oldfield, 7 Kembra St., Hawthorn E2, Vic.

## Irritating tactics

HAVING worked behind a counter for a number of years, I agree with Miss MacDonald that customers are often rude to the shop assistants and cause them much unnecessary work.

One often walks into a shop to find two girls talking behind the counter or pretending to straighten stock while they finish their conversation before attending to the waiting customers.

Mrs. F. C. Sands, 23 Woodend Rd., Ipswich, Qld.



Fact is necessary on both sides.

version before attending to the waiting customers.

Mrs. F. C. Sands, 23 Woodend Rd., Ipswich, Qld.

## Test for "lady"

A WOMAN'S behaviour in a shop may win her the title of lady—or not.

Few attain the standard. Most women treat shop assistants in a patronising manner.

Assistants remember with pleasure courteous treatment by customers because it's so rare.

Miss E. Wiseman, Morven P.O., N.S.W.

## Useless abuse

I HAVE often heard customers in shops addressing the salesgirls as though they were dirt beneath their feet. Courtesy costs nothing.

Shopgirls are the hands of their employers, and complaints should be lodged with the heads of departments. Abuse on matters outside the girls' control is not helpful.

Joyce Hope, 16a Ness Ave., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

## SORRY - BUT YOU'RE WRONG



DIETITIANS SAY FISH IS NOT A BRAIN FOOD



DOCTORS SAY COBWEBS ARE GERM TRAPS AND WILL NOT HEAL WOUNDS



AND - CARRYING AN OLD POTATO WILL NOT CURE OR PREVENT RHEUMATISM



INDIGESTION IS NOT NECESSARILY CAUSED BY QUICK-EATING 95% OF INDIGESTION IS CAUSED BY EXCESS ACID IN THE STOMACH



THIS ACID FORMS - NO MATTER HOW QUICKLY OR SLOWLY YOU EAT

Worry, fear, nerves, emotional strain, excess smoking, over-indulgence—all these things start the overflow of acid in the stomach—and cause indigestion. You must neutralise the excess acid. Bismarck Magnesia does this—that's why it stops indigestion pains in five minutes. Bismarck Magnesia spreads a protective lining over the stomach, neutralises burning excess acids, gives instant and lasting relief. Bismarck Magnesia is sold at the same price as ordinary stomach remedies. 2/6 large size, 1/9 standard size.

B.I.

## MOST TALKED-ABOUT BEAUTY CREAM



(Dorothy Layland gives her opinion)

This is what I call a "fairy-godmother" cream. It's white magic, a blessing-in-a-jar! Call it what you will but take my word for it—there never was a cream that could perform such miracles for your skin. No, don't take my word for it—get yourself a jar of SKIN DEEP and see your skin refreshed, smooth, dewy...

**Non-Alkaline—A NEW-TYPE Cream.**  
Skin Deep is the first new type of cream since Mother was your age. It's Non-Alkaline... because science has just made the vital discovery that skin needs a Non-Alkaline cream.

Absorbed by the skin 87% more.

**SKIN DEEP**—unlike other creams that lie on the surface in a greasy film—soaks right in, refreshingly, to the underlying tissues of your skin. That's how it tells our drying Australian climate, makes your skin seventeen-ish again!

**Skin Deep**

Atkinsons... London... Sydney

A.1232

Clean smoothly...  
keep woodwork  
spotless

With

VIM

A LEVER PRODUCT

7.104.21

DON'T LET  
GREY HAIR  
AGE YOU!

Why sacrifice youth to grey hair? You can recolor your hair with INECTO RAPID, just as nature does, from inside the hair shaft. It will not fade, wash off, or soil pillows. Absolutely permanent and cannot be detected. Consult your hair-dresser or buy from your chemist. Full instructions with each package. Highlight natural colour to choose from.

**INECTO**  
Rapid  
HAIR COLOURING

## Asthma Mucus Dissolved in 1 Day

Since the discovery of Mendaco by a famous physician it is no longer necessary for anyone to suffer from choking, wheezing, gasping Asthma. Mendaco does away with expensive injections and offensive smokes. All you do is to take 3 capsules with meals and Mendaco starts dissolving through the blood in 19 minutes. Soon the choking mucus and phlegm dissolves. You breathe easily and freely. Your nerves relax, you get good, fresh, pure air into your lungs, and vigour returns.

### Sleep Like a Baby

Thousands of former sufferers from Asthma say that the very first dose of Mendaco brought them glorious ease and comfort, and that they slept soundly the very first night. Then their vigour returned and they felt bountiful and stronger, and 5 to 10 years younger. The reason for this is that Mendaco acts in natural ways to overcome the effects of Asthma. (1) It dissolves, liquefies and removes the strangling mucus of phlegm; (2) It relaxes thousands of tiny muscles in your bronchial tubes so that the air can get in and out of your lungs; (3) It promotes body vigour, and stimulates the building of rich, revitalised blood.

### No Asthma for Five Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate results, from breathing and comfort and enables you to sleep, but also builds up the system to ward off future attacks. Mr. J. B.

writes: "I was almost dead with Asthma. Had lost 40 lbs. In weight, suffered coughing, choking and struggling every night—couldn't expect to die. Mendaco stopped spasms first night and I have had no Asthma since in over 5 years." Mrs. A. W. writes: "I had Asthma for 25 years. After using Mendaco I can sleep all night and have not had an attack since taking it." Mrs. G. R. G. writes: "I blame the day I first heard of Mendaco. What a god-send it is to a poor woman like me who for 35 years never knew what it was to have a good night's rest. The constant fight between Asthma and sleep was wearing me down, but I feel now I want to forget my past suffering."

### Benefits Immediate

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel entirely well and fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the package and the purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel.

**CONQUERS ASTHMA**  
**Mendaco**

Now in 3 sizes... 3/2, 6/3, 12/6

## The Way Back

Continued from page 17

"Good luck, Burton!"  
"Good luck, Nicole! Heard from Sandy?"

"Only once. He'll be coming back, I suppose."  
He departed. They might have been the veriest strangers, Nicole thought.

But Helen Nairn met him in the drive.  
So he has been here again, she thought.

Nicole, as the future mistress of Fleeting, had taken over the presidency of the Comforts Fund for the Forces, and Helen was her efficient secretary.

"To-morrow is the day for sending to the central depot," she said now. "There's rather a falling-off of garments this week, but I suppose that is because the days are growing longer, and people are out of doors instead of knitting."

"Billy Mortimer is just coming up the drive with a telegram!" interrupted Nicole. "Will you go, Helen—quickly!"

She remembered the last telegram, telling Sandy to rejoin his unit.

"I don't expect it will be anything," she said. "People send telegrams for such trivial reasons."

Helen went. Billy was one of her Sunday School class.

"I'm afraid it's very bad news, Miss!" he said.

"Bad news!" whispered Helen.

She took the telegram. It was addressed to Frome, of course. She held it against her heart as she stood in the hall.

"What's the matter, Helen?" called out Nicole sharply from her sofa. "What are you waiting for?"

"I'm coming," said Helen.

She gave the telegram to Nicole. She waited. Everything had a new vital intensity for her. Nicole's fingers looked twice as big as usual. The ripping of the envelope was as loud as a pistol shot.

"Regret to inform you Lieutenant Bryant dangerously wounded come at once if possible."

The address was that of a hospital in a northern county.

"I'll have to go," said Nicole with white lips. "Your father will have to take this plaster of Paris off my ankle. Ring up about trains, Helen, there's a dear. And..."

She stopped aghast. Helen was leaning against the table. She was as white as a sheet, and her breath came in sobs.

"Helen!" cried Nicole.

"I'll—I'll be all right in a minute!"

Suddenly Nicole understood. Suddenly a great light broke, and everything was made clear to her.

"Helen," she said, "you're in love with Sandy!"

SANDY'S shoulder had been badly smashed, the hospital sister said. He had been waiting to embark from Trondheim when a bombing plane had let loose on him and the rest of his company. Many of them had been killed. He had only been wounded. But his shoulder had been left unattended and gangrene had set in. They had feared that he would collapse on the operating table. But he hadn't, and so...

"Well, it's a story with a happy ending," said the sister. "Thank goodness, they sometimes are!"

"May I see him now?" said Nicole.

She followed the nurse and came to a ward already waking up with the daylight. Men toasting and turning. Screens round the bed at the end. Sandy. Was it really Sandy, this gaunt creature, a week's growth of beard on his haggard face, his cheeks white and sunken, his eyes half closed?

"He is still drowsy after the anaesthetic," murmured the sister. "There is no point in rousing him."

But just then he opened his eyes.

As he saw Nicole beside him a look of unbelievable gladness came into them.

"So you've come!" he said. "Gosh—that makes everything all right!"

Her hand closed on his. She smiled at him, and said nothing. But she thought to herself: There is no room here for Helen.

Scheldt stood in the study at Seaways. He seemed to-day big enough to fill the whole room. His pig-eyes were bright with anger.

"An explanation!" he roared. "That's what I want, and um Gotteswillen I mean to have it!"

What happened the night before last? The plane was there as arranged. You say there were men in the garden! Why? Who had told them? How did they know?

Maurice twisted his hands in a fever of terror and indecision, but Rachel faced the German coolly.

"I suggest the leakage came from your end, not ours," she said.

"That is impossible—absolutely impossible! Somebody was in this house, I tell you! I rang up. There was a reply. The voice was Curtis' voice, or near enough for me not to doubt it. You say you were out at a dinner party. You never got the message. Why not? Are you so casual in your duties, now when everything approaches its climax? It is this commander who came in. He should have been disposed of long ago."

"The commander was at the dinner party too," said Rachel. "We saw him leave his cottage. We waited until he had gone before we left the house ourselves. You have told us, Herr Scheldt, to do nothing whatever to excite suspicion. What do we want with a provincial dinner party?"

"People talk in a place like this. They would think the Curtis have secrets if they are afraid to leave their home unguarded. We regret infinitely that there should have been this setback, but we must beg you to be reasonable. After all, that is how we shall win. We organise. We consider every minute detail."

"But this was no detail!" said Scheldt. His roaring, nevertheless, had diminished in quality. "If there has been a leakage, then that commander is responsible. If you had killed him when you tried to, Curtis, it would have been better. You are not a good servant. A servant who bungles his work should be punished."

"You tried to kill him?" said Rachel to her brother.

"Yes." He avoided her eyes. "It was not my fault! I failed! I was just behind him when the girl fell and cried out, and he turned and saw me. I have had no opportunities since."

"You must make one," said Scheldt. "If you stop considering your own miserable safety, it will be easier. It is not the British law you need fear, but US! I give you another chance, Curtis. Kill Harwood, and this will be overlooked! And do not leave this house an instant unattended. If necessary, be ready to shoot. That is all."

"I am due at the meeting of the Central Organisation in London tonight," said Maurice.

"I will make your excuses when I hand in my report," said Scheldt.

He stalked out of the house. They heard him drive away. When they were quite sure they were alone Maurice turned to his sister.

"You lied to him!" he cried. "You lied! You knew quite well that it was Harwood who broke into the house! If Scheldt had known that you were not telling the truth he would have killed us then and there."

"But he didn't know," said Rachel. "And I am a match for Scheldt. Why did you not tell me you tried to kill Burton?"

"Because you're in love with him!" screamed Maurice. "And for two pins I'd have told Scheldt that, too!"

"You probably have," said Rachel. "You are the very scum of the earth, Maurice."

She went up to her room. One thing was certain: there would be no dinner party for two to-night. What she had been working for would not happen. And one other thing stood out clearly—that Frome girl whom she had despised was not the meaningless cipher she had thought her. She had known that Burton had been examining the house. She had cried out a warning when Maurice had meant to kill him. It was possible—even probable—that Burton loved her. Had she not found them together? She hated Nicole more than she had ever hated anybody.

She knew, too, that if she let Burton come here Maurice would kill him. Out of sheer craven terror.

She could go to the cottage. But Scheldt might have left somebody to watch and to report. He no longer trusted them.

She had told herself that she could play with fire without her fingers being burned. She had found out her mistake. They were badly burned. She loved Burton. Never before had she loved a man uselessly.

Please turn to page 42

## A STOVE ASKS NO MORE THAN THIS



A few minutes of brisk polishing and Zebo Liquid Stove Polish cleans and polishes in one simple operation. Whisk! Off with stubborn stains and scorches! Use Zebo straight from the tin—just shake a little on to a cloth or brush, there's no waste, no hard work. Zebo is all you need to keep stoves and grates sparkling—without a trace of dullness. Ask your Grocer for Zebo Liquid Stove Polish.

**ZEBRO**  
LIQUID  
STOVE POLISH

Also ZEBRA in Paste and Packets

## Headaches banished by Bayer's Aspirin TABLETS

Even the worst headache yields quickly to genuine Bayer's Aspirin. 2 tablets taken with water bring almost immediate relief. What is more, you can take Bayer's Aspirin with confidence, for it has brought quick relief to thousands throughout Australia for the past 20 years.

quicker  
surer... safer  
MADE IN AUSTRALIA  
for 20 years

MAKE THIS  
DRAMATIC TEST  
YOURSELF...  
Drop a Bayer's Aspirin Tablet into a glass of water. In 2 seconds—by the time it hits the bottom of the glass—it is disintegrating. See for yourself this way why Bayer's Aspirin acts so quickly.

Stop pain more quickly  
with Bayer's Aspirin

## New Way to Hold Loose FALSE TEETH Firmly in Place

Do false teeth annoy and bother by dropping and slipping when you eat, talk or laugh? Just sprinkle on a little FASTEETH. This new, tasteless powder keeps teeth firm and comfortable. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste. Makes breath pleasant. Get FASTEETH to-day at any chemist. (2 sizes.) Refuse substitutes.

Clinian-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

# WRITERS IN THE STARS

## ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

**Arians love a battle, either of wits or fists, and will as readily fight against you as for you.**

**WISE** parents who have children born between March 21 and April 21 will do well to study these and other characteristics in detail, and try to guide them along the most helpful paths of life.

Arians generally are forceful, aggressive, quick-tempered, and inclined to butt into other people's affairs, though with all the goodwill in the world. They want to lead and pioneer but will never be led. They hate routine and monotony, and crave change, excitement, new scenes, new faces, new friends and enterprises.

Restless, energetic, active, and always getting into mischief, they are frequently surprised when seemingly harmless actions get them into trouble.

They get plenty of new ideas, but cannot wait to try them out. They tire of them quickly, and get on to something new.

Detail work bores them. They want quick responses and results from small efforts. At the same time they are anything but lazy. Rather are they inclined to wear themselves out too quickly because of the enthusiasm and activity they put into ventures while they are interested in them.

Ardent in showing affection, they are nevertheless brusque and sometimes unconsciously hurtful in their manner towards others.

So that to train Arian children properly all their abilities and characteristics must be developed constructively. This is a big job, but a job that will pay good dividends in the development of fine, courageous, and capable adults.

### The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Make the most of April 6 (after 2 p.m.), 7 and 8 (daylight). They will help you in regard to most of your plans for changes, promotion, asking favors and starting new enterprises. Plan wisely, and work diligently.

**Taurus** (April 21 to May 21): Get all unimportant matters completed, but otherwise live quietly this week. April 9 and 10 work, but favorable. Begin to make your plans for late April.

**GEMINI** (May 21 to June 21): Many Geminians will find that slight opportunities occur on April 11 and 12, so be on watch and try to turn them to gain. But don't demand the impossible.

**CANCER** (June 21 to July 21): Keep a good step ahead of trouble this week by living cautiously and quietly. Dodge arguments, avoid moods and doubts, and fastidiousness, especially on April 10 (late evening) and 11. April 5 and 6 (morning) may prove difficult, too.

**LEO** (July 21 to August 21): You can make good headway this week if you step lively and make much of your opportunities. Go after the things you want, start new enterprises of journeys, removals, and changes, and ask favors, especially on April 5 (after 2 p.m.), 7, and 8 (daylight). Use every hour.

**VIRGO** (August 21 to September 21): Not a spectacular week but a good time to get busy completing routine tasks and preparing for the better times later this month. April 8 and 10 just fair.

**LIBRA** (September 21 to October 21): Try to live in harmony with your fellow men, and don't take setbacks too seriously, unless they are really big. Try to be patient and wise. April 5, 6, and 10 (late), 11 and 12 adverse.

**SCORPIO** (October 21 to November 21): Unspectacular days for most Scorpions, yet attention should be given to outstanding matters of importance. If these are left much longer, difficulties may beset them. April 4 and 5 (morning) just fair. Afternoon of April 5, 7, and 8 poor.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 21 to December 21): Fortune is looking your way, so try to take full advantage of any gifts it may have for you. Plan to work hard, wisely and constructively at the things you want on April 6 (after 2 p.m.), 7, and 8 (daylight).

**PAPICORN** (December 21 to January 21): Don't take risks at this time. Difficulties, delays, annoyances, and worry may beset you if you are too confident or careless, especially on April 5 (early), 6, 11, and 12.

**AQUARIUS** (January 21 to February 19): Quite fair for most Aquarians on April 11 and 12, but only for semi-important projects. Slight opportunities.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21): A time for settling down and consolidating. April 5 and 6 (morning) just fair. April 9 and 10 poor. Routine best.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, has said goodbye at Fort Radi, Central Africa, to **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, who has just been crowned King of the Wambesi tribe. With Mandrake, Lothar has restored peace to the tribe and safety for **LIBIE CARR:** Who is to marry Mandrake's friend,

**TOD BROWNELL:** The officer in charge of the fort. Lothar finds his position as King very strange, and is astounded when members of the tribe present a group of women who, they say, must be his future wives. Lothar does not want to marry, and rushes away to plan an escape. **NOW READ ON.**



TO BE CONTINUED

SAY  
*Goodbye*  
*Sandpaper*  
*Hands!*

WITH  
**HINDS**  
Honey & Almond  
**CREAM**

IT CREAMS, IT DOTES, IT BEAUTIFIES!  
1/1 and 2/2 (Economy Size)

**FREE OFFER!** To put  
sunshine in your hair send this advert, with  
your name, address and colour of your hair  
to Box 880-GC, G.P.O., Sydney, and 3d. pkt.  
Camellions Tintour will be sent free.  
W.W. 5/4/41

**S**HE would have to ring him up. And in future she must avoid him. She and Maurice would have to go very warily. They were treading on dangerous ground. For about the first time she wished that she were an ordinary woman, leading an ordinary existence, content with the pittance her German husband had left her. No, she didn't! She could not have been an ordinary hausfrau, content with ersatz coffee, ersatz everything, including life. Her life had proved real enough.

But she must tell Burton that Maurice was not going away, that he was ill again and that she had to stay and nurse him. He would not believe her. It did not matter.

She took up the receiver. As it happened, she need not have troubled. Burton had had no intention of going to Seaways. He

too had his excuse!—"One of these blasted medical boards. They'll jam my wound pension if I don't attend!"

There are some things one still doesn't do, even for England, and one is to win the love of a woman whom one intends to denounce.

It was June when Sandy and Nicole arrived back at Fleetling Gate—one of the most wonderful places that England had ever known, and infinitely the most terrible.

The epic of the Dunkirk beaches was over. Men had come straggling back to every town and every village, each with his own story of escape from death. The collapse of France was behind them and the pitiless, pitiful ordeal in the railway coach at Compiègne. And Miss Letty and her canleen workers had returned, without kit, harassed, unprecipitously thinner. They had started again at an east coast port, in an area definitely labelled unsafe. Miss Letty came for forty-eight hours' leave and she had never looked more content.

"You see, I'm in it this time!" she said. "Not merely reading about it in the papers!"

But Sandy wasn't in it, and would not be in it again. He lay on a long chair in the Fleetling garden which seemed to be particularly lovely just for him. He was putting on weight; he was acquiring a color. His shoulder was doing well, and he took what he scornfully called little potshots at the grounds. But he was not happy, and he had not suggested using that special marriage licence in any particular hurry.

She had had plenty of time to think things over in the early days of Sandy's convalescence, and she had come to a decision.

Two days after they returned to Fleetling Helen came to the house. She was wearing a blue-and-white frock and a big hat tip-tilted over her face. Nicole layd her, and drew her into the drawing-room.

"I want a word with you," she said, "before you see Sandy."

Helen stiffened.

"I don't see that there is anything that we can profitably say to each other," she began haughtily.

To her amazement, Nicole took her by the shoulders and shook her! "There, you deserved that!" she said. "Stop behaving like a prefect, or an offended kid! Sandy'll never look at you if you do! You're in love. That makes you grown up, and the equal of any other grown-up woman. The way you talked to me the day when I got the telegram was a grown-up way! You want Sandy. Well, if you'll stop being a little fool, I'll help you."

"To get my man, I suppose!" said Helen. "It sounds disgusting!"

"Quite a lot of things in human nature are disgusting," said Nicole. "Actually this isn't. Get your man—if you're sure he's yours. You may have recognised the fact before he does. You and Sandy would be much more suited to each other than Sandy and I would be."

"He doesn't think so."

"Not yet, but he might."

Helen's face had been flushed; now it was very pale again.

"How could he?" she said. "You're marvellous. I'm inexperienced, gawky. I've nothing. You've everything."

For a moment Nicole was silent. Then, "That's not true, but if it were it might be the reason why Sandy could love you."

"But what about you?"

"Burton and I love each other," said Nicole. "You were right about that. But we both agreed that we could never let Sandy down. We won't now. I'll stay engaged to him, unless he realises that he doesn't want me. And if he doesn't, I'll marry him. But it might be you, Helen. I'm almost sure of that, if you'd be friends with me again, if you'd let me help you. Oh, I know it sounds cold-blooded to rearrange things like that, but it's because I'm not in love with him that I can see the position so clearly."

Helen's resistance suddenly broke down.

"I'd do anything," she said. "Anything. I'm sorry, Nicole! I screamed at you and Commander Burton like a fishwife! It was because I love Sandy so much."

"And I never guessed," said Nicole. "I rather think Burton did. I haven't seen him since we came back. You see, Helen, I am playing straight with Sandy. He's been terribly good to me. I want everything for him as much as you do. Be grown up with him. Don't be clever. Let him feel protective, let

## The Way Back

Continued from page 40

him feel: here's somebody I could be kind to. Let him feel he's needed. He's got to feel that before he is in love!"

Helen let this sink in, then asked, "Anything else?"

"You'll learn the rest for yourself," said Nicole.

"Hallo, young Helen!" said Sandy, as they walked across the lawn towards him.

"It's terribly nice to see you again," said Helen.

"It's the day for sending the Forces Comforts to the depot. I'll go and see about them," said Nicole. She went away.

"Nicole always seems to be busy these days," Sandy complained.

"She's very efficient, that's why," said Helen, and decided that she was not being caustic, but that Nicole would have applauded the statement. "Efficient people always have a lot to do. I'm awfully sorry about the shoulder, Sandy, but the village is thrilled to the core that you're here indefinitely. They missed you a lot. Fleetling will be really like Fleetling, they say, with a Bryant here."

Sandy looked pleased, but shook his head.

"But they hardly know me," he said. "I've only been here for a few months, after all."

"But you're one of the family," said Helen. "You know how it is with West Country people. Why, even daddy and I are still foreigners because we've only been here for fifteen years! Besides they remember you as a kid. I was talking to old Mrs. Hughes. She says you used to throw a ball into her garden so as to have an excuse for helping yourself to her gooseberries. She thought of sending up a dish of them for you. He's probably still got a fancy for them," she said. I suggested you should go down and pick them for yourself."

"Without having to throw a ball into the garden first?" said Sandy. "I've almost forgotten where she lives."

"I'll show you," suggested Helen. "We'll go some day when Nicole's at this beastly depot," said Sandy. He looked at Helen with appreciation. "You're looking awfully nice to-day. I like your frock."

"I made it myself," said Helen. "The white stuff was a beast to put on. It's a bit wobbly at the hem."

She showed it to him. It certainly was. I don't expect she has much money for frocks, he thought. Not like Nicole. She always spent a lot on her clothes. It would be rather nice to buy Helen a Bond Street outfit. One couldn't do it, of course, but it would be fun if one could.

Helen didn't stay long. As Nicole had told her, she was finding out things for herself.

"You'll come again?" said Sandy. "You'll come again and we'll go and pinch Mrs. Hughes' gooseberries!"

"Oh, I'll be back," she said. "That's a jolly nice kid," Sandy said to Nicole when Helen had gone. "I always said so, didn't I?"

"And you were wrong," said Nicole. "How do you mean wrong? Why, it was you yourself who pointed it out to me."

"I know, but she's not a kid. You'd get on much better with her if you realised the fact."

"I get on quite well with her as it is."

"Well, try thinking of her as grown-up, and you'll get on even better."

"Just as you say," said Sandy.

## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

**WEDNESDAY, April 2.**—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve—Gardening Talk.

**THURSDAY, April 3.**—Half-hour of Music.

**FRIDAY, April 4.**—"Melody Mysteries." Competition and Results.

**SATURDAY, April 5.**—Goodie Reeve presents "Memories for the Asking."

**SUNDAY, April 6.**—June Marsden—Astrology for the Business Folk—Gardening by the Stars. Special: British Horoscopes.

**MONDAY, April 7.**—"With the A.I.F. Overseas."

**TUESDAY, April 8.**—June Marsden—Astrology for Women.

He took her hand and kissed it lightly. "I guess Helen and I could both learn a lot from you. I say, it would be rather fun next time we go for a run to take her with us, don't you think? I expect she finds life a bit cramped in Fleetling."

"I expect she does," said Nicole. "She can't have much of a time really. Yes, let's do that, shall we? We talked of going to Clovelly. Let's take Helen along!"

And that's the day that I have a headache, she decided. The day when I stay at home! No, that won't be a good way of doing it. He'd just hang round with eau-de-Cologne, poor darling, and be sorry for me instead of Helen. I'll have to be full of business affairs that day, very earnest and indispensable. The war just can't go on without me—he'd hate me like that!

She smiled to herself; then the smile faded. It wasn't a joke really. It was deadly earnest. She wondered what Burton was doing.

She would have given almost anything to have seen Burton, but she avoided him. She was engaged to Sandy, and she meant to play the game with him—as long as he still wanted to play it with her.

Sandy and Helen stood on the bastion overlooking the harbor of Clovelly. Behind them was the long steep road up which the little grey donkeys laboriously climbed. The air was sweet with the scent of flowers. Helen was looking utterly happy.

"It's so perfect!" she said. "It's as if somebody had said: 'Now let's plan the most marvellous village that we can think of,' and then had brought the sea and the cliffs together and built gabled houses and filled white balconies with flowers and even put Lundy Island out there to watch over it. It's like something one dreams, not really visible—a sort of Never-Never land."

"Yes, it's a lovely village, and a pretty girl just completes the picture," said Sandy. He was looking at her with appreciation. "It's just what you say it is. I only wish Nicole could have come too. She's so awfully busy these days. It's patriotic of her, of course."

"I should think she would have given anything to come," said Helen. Sandy had been disappointed when Nicole had not been able to accompany them, but the day had turned out enchantingly nevertheless. It had been exciting to give Helen the time of her life—show her places which he loved.

Please turn to page 43

## Remember those Easter SNAPSHOTS



**START** with your Kodak this Easter! These are the memorable days when every Kodak should be really busy—for there are so many pictures to be made. Let your Kodak tell the story of your children, your friends, your soldier on his week-end leave.

Let your Kodak be the means of many cheering "snapshots from home" going overseas to our men in the fighting services.



Snapshots are fine—but it takes a Cink-Kodak to give you the complete record—all the life, all the colour. Let us demonstrate...

**KODAK (A/asia) PTY. LTD.**

Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, Hobart, Launceston, Toowoomba, Townsville, Rockhampton, Cairns, Newcastle, Ballarat.

\* Visit your nearest KODAK DEALER for supplies of Made-in-Australia Kodak Film, also Kodak Same-Day Service Developing and Printing.

**THE WORLD'S FINEST VINEGAR**

**CHAMPIONS' Pure Malt VINEGAR**

QUARTS and PINTS

"I'll always have this to remember, anyway," Helen was telling herself.

They talked happily all the way home. When they reached the doctor's house she issued an invitation: "You'll come in for tea, won't you? I'm afraid Nicole will still be at that meeting."

"Thanks, I'd like to."

He followed her into the sitting-room. The whole house, he thought, smelt vaguely of lily. Scrap, who adored him, jumped up to greet him. Everywhere there were flowers. But the cretonne covers were terribly shabby, and some of the teacups were cracked. Of course, he thought, the doctor couldn't make much out of a little place like Fleetling.

He thought of all that Nicole had and that Helen had not. Helen had admitted that she had never before had lunch at a real hotel. Nicole knew every smart restaurant in London. It was natural to take it for granted that she should have the best of everything. Well, Helen ought to have it too—in her way she was just as pretty, and she was sweet. I hope she marries somebody who can give her things, thought Sandy. But I can't imagine whom. She probably won't want to leave her father alone, and she won't have much choice among the lads of the village. Perhaps Nicole and I could ask people down to meet her.

He roused himself to answer Doctor Nairn's almost pathetic inquiry as to how he thought the war was going. One couldn't be long away from it these days. One lived from one news bulletin to the next.

"We'll be all right, as far as the fighting forces are concerned," Sandy said. "They're still fresh and as keen as mustard. And we seem to have rounded up most of the suspicious characters in the country."

"I wonder," said the doctor. "We've got 'em even round here, you know."

"Daddy's always full of mysterious hints about spies," said Helen.

"With reason," said the doctor, "with reason! I don't mind telling you, Sir Alexander, we've got a Secret Service man in the district, and he's keeping a sharp look out. There might be developments any day."

"But who on earth is suspected?" exclaimed Sandy. "Most of the inhabitants have been here since the year one."

"That's not to say that they've not been got at by Nazi agents," said the doctor. "As a matter of fact I've been doing a little investigating myself. I thought I'd found my man, but I was mistaken. He was an insurance agent, behaving in a very clandestine sort of fashion. But it was just a case of 'cherchez la femme,' and now he's gone back to his wife."



## END CONSTIPATION THIS NATURAL WAY

You can end constipation naturally, promptly, effectively with NYAL FIGSEN. Figsen is a pleasant-tasting laxative. Chew one or two tablets before retiring. Figsen acts overnight without disturbing your sleep. No stomach upsets, no griping pain. In the morning Figsen acts—mildly, gently, but thoroughly. Figsen is equally good for young and old. Sold by chemists everywhere. 1/3d a tin. The next best thing to Nature...

**Nyal Figsen**  
FOR CONSTIPATION



If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, write R. G. Turnley & Son, 506 Flinders Street, Melbourne.

## The Way Back

Continued from page 42

"Oh, daddy, what a lovely time you've been having!" cried Helen.

"That's not the way to think of it," said her father severely. "If our Intelligence Service thinks it necessary to keep a whole-time man down here it shows that I'm not just rumor-mongering, doesn't it? Though that of course is something I am telling you in confidence—in the very strictest confidence."

I wonder if there is anything in it, thought Sandy, driving back to his own home. By Jove, when you come to think of it, this isn't a safe area any more than anywhere else. Curse it! Why have I got to be out of it? I'll never be able to hold a gun again with this blasted shoulder. I'm just one of the useless people who have to be protected. But I could do something for the defence of the country, nevertheless. Some of us might band together to keep a look out. There's myself, and Quentin Gorman at the west village, and Harwood.

No, not Harwood. He couldn't stand him at any price. And, anyway, what was he doing here? He'd no idea with the West Country, had he? Come to think of it, neither had Curtis at Seaways, but Curtis was a Government official returning to East Africa, as soon as there was a boat available. He didn't think much of his sister—a slightly bit in his opinion—but Curtis was all right.

Just then he saw Maurice Curtis walking along the cliffside, head bent moodily, hands behind his back. Sandy pulled up beside him.

"Look here, I'd like a word with you," he began.

Maurice started as if he had been shot.

"Hold on!" said Sandy jovially. "I'm not a parachutist, or anything. There's something I want to talk to you about. Come back to the house and have a drink with me, will you?"

Maurice hesitated, but it was the invitation to have a drink that did it. Rachel had kept the drinks locked up for a fortnight. His tongue passed over dry lips.

"All right. I can't stay very long, though."

"I shan't keep you long."

Nicole was extremely surprised to see Maurice. Sandy had time for a word alone with her, for a kiss in the hall.

"Darling, it's been a grand day, but it would have been a lot grander with you! I've something important to say to this bloke. Tell you about it later!"

"I don't like him much," said Nicole.

"Oh well, he's not much of a lady's man," said Sandy, disposing easily of that.

The study door closed upon the two of them. There was the clink of glasses.

"Ever thought there might be Fifth Columnists down here, Curtis?" began Sandy.

Maurice's glass was half-way to his lips. He put it down hastily, then he took it up again. He drank quite half of the contents.

"In a small place like this?"

"Quite a vulnerable place," said Sandy. "I wonder your sister stays, as a matter of fact. She'd probably be safer in the Midlands. I happen to know that the authorities have got their eye on somebody down here. I'd like to find out whom."

"So would I," said Maurice.

"I'm wondering," said Sandy slowly, "if it is Harwood."

"Harwood?"

"Oh, I know the idea's absurd on the face of it," said Sandy. "There he is, an invalided naval man. I didn't know him before that torpedoing, but he's been pretty queer since! And after all, that's the sort of person the Huns get hold of, isn't it? Look at Quisling! Who'd have suspected him? Perhaps Harwood's got a grievance against his country because he has happened to have had a thin time of it. Oh, I've nothing to go on, as a matter of fact, but I think it might be worth while keeping an eye on him." He stopped.

"I DON'T want to pry into official secrets, of course, but I suppose you're not in Intelligence yourself, are you?"

The fantasy of the suggestion took away Maurice's breath again. Since he had realised that he was not Sandy's suspect, he had relaxed. He emptied his glass before he spoke again.

"I should hardly be likely to tell you if I were, would I?"

"No, but it would account for your being down here, wouldn't it?"

"I suppose it would."

"Enough said," said Sandy. He winked. "Look here, if I see anything fishy I'll report to you."

"That's a good idea," said Maurice. He rose. "I'd better be getting on now. My sister will be expecting me."

"As you like, but I'll be coming over to see you myself," said Sandy. "I suppose Mrs. Curtis doesn't know anything of all this?"

"Oh, no," said Maurice. An idea struck him. "I wouldn't say anything to Miss Frome either, if I were you, Sir Alexander. Women are better kept out of such matters."

"I generally tell her everything," said Sandy. "After all we're going to be married in a week or two."

"I'd keep quiet until then," said Maurice. "That is essential."

He spoke with the tone of one in authority.

"As you say, Curtis," said Sandy, meekly.

He saw him off the premises. Nicole met him as he returned to the house.

"Well, what have you been discussing that is so important?" she asked lightly.

"Nothing much. Nicole, it would be a pretty good thing if I could do something for the country, smashed shoulder or no smashed shoulder, wouldn't it?"

"You'll have to wait until you are quite strong again."

"That might be too late," he answered cryptically.

On his way home Maurice stopped twice to laugh—and laugh!

To be concluded

## Prized Possessions need the care of SILVO



Give new life to your silverware with SILVO—the clean, liquid silver polish. It coaxes away every sight of stain, dullness and tarnish... quickly... easily... safely



## Catarrhal Deafness May be Overcome

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or are even just a little hard of hearing or have head noises go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parmin (double strength), and add to it 1 pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take a dessertspoonful four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone losing hearing or who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

## Piles Go Quick

Piles are caused by congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Only an internal remedy can remove the cause. That's why salves and cutting fail. Dr. Leonhardt's Vacuoid, a harmless tablet, succeeds, because it relieves this congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Vacuoid has given quick, safe and lasting relief to thousands of pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists everywhere sell Vacuoid with this guarantee.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

## Three new radio sessions for Sunday listeners

Comic professor, fairy-tales,  
and a happy family

Sunday night has always been the biggest night of the week for radio, and programmes are chosen for that night with special care.

Three new features on the 2GB Sunday night programme between 6 o'clock and 8 o'clock have all been chosen for the variety they add to this important evening's radio sessions.

FIRST on the list of new entertainment is "The Storyman," a radio fantasy for young people, and those still young enough in spirit to enjoy the lesser-known fairy-tales, told in the manner made familiar on the screen by Walt Disney.

Typical of the efforts to achieve the same amusing sound effects made familiar by the Disney cartoons was the search for a method of reducing the human voice to a size compatible with the characters.

The characters in this case were two tiny men, and after much research a miniature microphone was invented which provided a tiny voice without distortion.

The central figure in each episode is the narrator, who tells the story, leaving the dialogue to be spoken by the various characters.

"The Storyman" will be broadcast every Sunday at 6 p.m.

Following the half-hour "Youth Show" broadcast from 7 to 7.30 p.m., 2GB introduces another new feature, "It Beats the Band."

"It Beats the Band" is a musical and comedy show composed by Jack Davey, who introduces Al Thomas in a novel characterisation.

Also featured with Jack Davey in this broadcast is Gloria Ashcroft.

Third new feature, recently introduced, is "The 'S' Family," a musical show conceived on entirely new lines.

It features five well-known radio artists, but in this show they are known merely as Pa, Eddie, Billy, Betty and Bobbie, all members of a musical family which sings, plays, acts and fools.

It is a broadcast with a happy family atmosphere, which makes it ideal Sunday night entertainment.

"The 'S' Family" is broadcast each Sunday at 7.45 p.m.

## Competition

WHAT is your "Unforgettable Memory," and why? 10/6 is offered by Goodie Reeve, c/o 2GB, in The Australian Women's Weekly session, "Memories for the Asking," from 2GB on Saturday at 4.30 p.m.

### THIS WEEK'S WINNER

Mrs. Hammond, College St., Balmain, whose "Unforgettable Words" were "Father Christmas has forgotten us this time."



GLORIA ASHCROFT

## PAIN

that kept her  
in bed.

Terrible, dragging spasms  
so bad she missed a day  
from work every month.

Discover for yourself the complete, lasting and safe relief of period pain that you can get with a couple of little Myzone tablets. When you want to sit down and cry with the pain and that terrible feeling of weakness... let Myzone's marvellous *acterin* (anti-spasm) compound bring you blessed comfort without "doping."

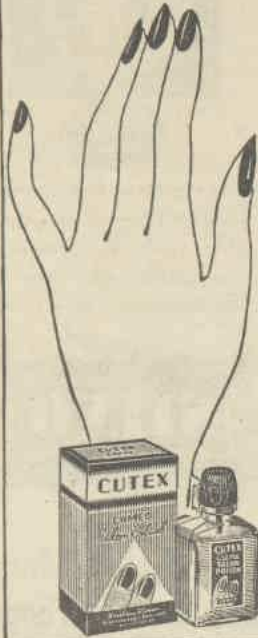


"It's remarkable how Myzone banishes that languid, despondent feeling! It is science's greatest gift to women!"

Just take two Myzone tablets with water or cup of tea. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

## There Is No Shortcut to a PERFECT MANICURE 3 Simple Steps of the CUTEX METHOD Will Ensure NAIL LOVELINESS



● The name Cutex is synonymous with perfect manicuring. Cutex Cuticle Remover is the outstanding preparation for making the cuticle into lovely smooth frames for the nails.

Cutex Oily Polish Remover contains no acetone. It safely removes polish and will not cause brittle nails.

Cutex new Salon Polish will give the greatest wear and the polish shades are all in the latest fashion. There is a shade to suit every preference.

Cutex Polish Foundation is made to protect your nails and your polish—may be worn under or over your favourite shade of polish.

**CUTEX**  
Manicure  
Preparations



**YES! I'LL TELL YOU 6 SPLENDID  
REASONS FOR USING TAMPAX—**

- T** Tampax is the MODERN sanitary protection—works INTERNALLY.
- A** A DOCTOR invented it—doctors support it.
- M** Quickly, silently inserted and removed—Instantly disposable.
- P** So comfortable you don't know you're wearing it.
- S** Nothing to show. No belts—no pins—no pads. And no odour.
- X** Stays firmly in place even during active exercise.

HANDY-SIZE PACKET of 3, only 11d.; packet of 6, 1/9; large economical-size packet of 10, 2/3. Easy instructions enclosed. Available from chemists, beauty salons and stores everywhere—see coupon.

Distributors: Hiltac Pty. Ltd., all Capital Cities and N.Z.

**TAMPAX**  
Sanitary Protection  
**WORN INTERNALLY**

**SEND 11P** in stamps, for your packet of 3 Tampax in plain wrapper (see Illustrated folder and "Figure Beauty and Hygiene" booklet, posted free on request) to  
NURSE SIMPSON, Box 900 G.P.O., Sydney.  
Box 972, G.P.O., Melbourne. Box 1653N, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
Box 750F, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 6492, G.P.O., Perth.  
Box 13, P.O., Hobart.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_ DWW54

For lovely hair,  
**FREE OFFER**  
A packet of famous Camellia Tonic sent free to all ladies who use this coupon. Please state color of hair.

## Land where divorce laws favor women

### Negley Farson's saga of African life

In remote Ovamboland, in South-West Africa, the native divorce law has perhaps the greatest bias to a wife's advantage in the world.

Should a wife wish to leave her husband, she can walk off with everything, including her children. The children are hers by tribal law, and so are all the possessions in her hut.

**NEGLEY FARSON** points out in his book about Africa, "Behind God's Back," that the native wife has the disadvantage of being one of a number of wives.

But the fact that the wives have such freedom makes the husband faithful to his chosen few.

"Behind God's Back" is the story of seven months in Africa just before the outbreak of war.

One of its most fascinating chapters deals with Ovamboland, portion of South-west Africa reserved for the Ovambo natives.

Here the author met Nehemiah, leader of one of the tribes.

"Nehemiah had 13 wives. He had 1500 cattle. His kraal, a labyrinth of sharp-pointed stakes, was over a hundred yards in diameter.

"There were separate bee-hive huts and compounds for each of his wives.

There were establishments for his under-headmen and their wives....

"Before the British came, Nehemiah as the paramount headman would probably have slept in a different hut every night so that attackers, searching in this confusion, would not know where to kill the leading man.

"But, as smiling Nehemiah himself was quick to tell me, 'Master, the British brought peace!'

"Each of Nehemiah's wives had her own establishment, her own patch of land to till, and her own storage baskets of grain.

"Each took it in turn to cook his meals, and each contributed her share of grain from the field to his storage bins.

"Nehemiah politely led me to a little thatched, mud-walled bee-hive where he introduced me to his favorite wife.

"She came in from the fields bearing a load of faggots upon her head, carrying two strings of red-green-yellow caterpillars that she had collected and would cook for her husband's supper that night.

"Yes," said Nehemiah, "I am a very lucky man."

Ovamboland is an area of 17,000 square miles in South-West Africa. Only eight white officials and a few Finnish missionaries live in this area—"where the South African Government is encouraging 117,000 natives to live in their traditional way under an indirect rule that is one of the most altruistic in Africa.

"The Ovambos were the happiest natives that I found anywhere in Africa. The Native Commissioner had not one soldier or policeman, white or black, to enforce his regulations or punish people."

Title of the book is taken from a remark made to Negley Farson by a resident in one of the African colonies, "Nobody hears what happens to us down here, behind God's back."

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Scarcely refuse anything else 1/3d.



**NEGLEY FARSON**, on the Uganda buffalo he shot in Africa.

He says that, because of the war, it is the last eyewitness survey which could have been made of the territories he traversed—South-West Africa, South Africa, and then, with his wife, by car from the coast of Tanganyika through Kenya, Uganda, Rwanda-Urundi, the Belgian Congo, French Equatorial Africa, and the French Cameroons.

Farson reveals the complicated racial and commercial problems which beset Africa—the huge German population in the south and in the former German colonies, led by organised Nazis for years before the outbreak of war; the Indian hold on commerce in Tanganyika, and greatest of all the problem of a fair deal for the men to whom Africa belonged in the first place, the natives.

"I believe that it is under the Englishman that the native will have the best chance to progress in Africa," he writes.

"The British moral attitude towards their African holdings and protectorates is above any except minor criticisms."

On the lighter side the book has many an entertaining anecdote.

For instance: "Africa is the land of idle women (white). The reason for this is that there are so many 'boys.' A boy may be anywhere from six to 70. He may be a Kruo, an Angola, a haughty Herrero, or a Zulu.

"Some women in Africa become so dependent upon their boys that they never even bother to enter their own kitchens. When I reached Dar-

es-Salaam, in Tanganyika, the story was going the rounds of the woman who thought she had the best cook in Tanganyika.

"This came out one night when she complimented her hostess of that evening on her excellent dinner. This woman mentioned the name of the other's cook.

"But I've got him," cried the other. When they went to the kitchen they found that neither of them had him.

"He had appeared in person at both houses to secure the job. He had presumably stayed at each a few days. Then he had hired a cheap substitute to carry on with his work.

"Then there was the case of a newcomer who at first found herself very popular in the colony. After a time she found that people were always finding excuses for not accepting her dinner invitations.

"She went to her best friend. 'My dear,' said the other, 'Do you ever go into your kitchen?'

"No, why should I? 'Because, my dear, your cook is a leper.'

"Behind God's Back," by Negley Farson, Gollancz. Our copy from Angus & Robertson.

## The Secret of LUXURIANT HAIR



How often have you envied the thick, glossy, sparkling hair that is the pride of some girls? How often has your own dull, lifeless, "mousy" hair distracted you as you struggle to get it looking nice for that appointment?

Don't think you must put up with "ordinary" hair or ugly dandruff flakes. The secret of rich, luxuriant locks is simple—Crystolis vitalising treatment!

Begin to-night to massage fragrant Crystolis Rapid into your scalp. Tingling, deep-penetrating Crystolis acts three ways to beautify your hair... it cleanses and refreshes; it destroys dandruff and tones up the scalp; it

checks falling hair and stimulates new, vigorous hair growth.

Act now to give your hair rich, glowing lustre, to develop strong, luxuriant growth—shimmering with the "life" and sparkle of perfect health.

Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser for Crystolis Rapid to-day, and start the Crystolis vitalising treatment to-night.



**CRYSTOLIS Rapid**  
Recognised as World's most effective Scalp Treatment and Aid to Hair Growth.  
Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

# The Homemaker

April 5, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

45

These flowers bring . . .

## EARLY-SPRING GAIETY

• The ranunculus and the cineraria are good companions of the garden, for they are both bright and beautiful and flower at the same time.

Says OUR HOME GARDENER

**A**LTHOUGH they are widely separated as to habit and character they are good mixers, for the ranunculus can be sown in massed formation along the border, and the cineraria converted into a very colorful background.

The ranunculus, as most gardeners know, is a showy, bulbous flower belonging to the buttercup family. It grows about 15 or 16 inches tall, and can be obtained in several strains, some of which are single and others double.

While the season is advancing for planting ranunculi, I have never experienced any difficulty in raising excellent flowers from them when planted as late as May, but in most cases the best results are usually obtained by planting early.

Some gardeners regard this brilliant member of the buttercup clan as difficult to grow, but this is mainly because they set the claws upside down, or give them a shady position, heavy, waterlogged soil, or because of mite attacks.

Ranunculi must have an open, sunny position, be planted in light to loamy soil, be given good drainage, set out with the points of the claws downwards in the soil, and be watered very carefully.

Yellowing of the foliage may denote one of two troubles, wet feet and mite attack. If the drainage is bad the bed should be opened up all round to let the surplus water run away. If the drainage is right the presence of mites in the claws or bulbs will probably be the cause of the sickly growth.



CINERARIAS—good companions of the ranunculi, for they are also showy flowers and bloom at the same time of the year—from July through to spring.

Nothing can be done to control this pest, but if the gardener has had previous trouble of a like nature he or she should avoid buying bulbs and stick to seedlings.

Given fairly fertile soil they rarely require much feeding, but a mulch of old manure when the bulbs are well above ground or a monthly dose of weak liquid manure will prove very helpful and increase the size and quantity of the blossom.

Cinerarias are other plants that some gardeners regard as problem plants. Firstly they are attacked

by many pests, which appear to have a keen appetite for such succulent, sappy foliage.

The slug and the snail, various grubs and caterpillars will all eat the leaves at any stage of growth, but can be checked by spraying with arsenate of lead.

The leaf miner, a tiny fly which lays its eggs on the foliage, is probably the worst pest of the cineraria, and is most difficult to combat once it gets a firm hold.

The tiny grubs that hatch from the eggs at once burrow into the tissue and then make circular or spiral tunnels through the leaves, frequently disfiguring them so badly that the whole leaf turns brown and dies prematurely.

Nothing short of weekly sprayings of nicotine sulphate will repel this pest. There is something that the moth does not like in the smell of the spray, and once she finds it there she goes off to another garden in which to lay her eggs.

### Constant spraying

BUT the nicotine also kills the eggs, and this is important, and provides the reason why the gardener must be constantly spraying, for the flies or miners are always about ready to find a plant that will make a nice, comfortable home for a new colony of healthy youngsters.

Aphids are also very troublesome to this plant, but rarely until the first buds arrive, when the aphid hordes appear as if by magic. They cluster in thousands round the big bunches of buds, and not only suck all the sap from them, reducing them in size and beauty, but will remain on the plant, and when the bright blue, red, purple, and pink flowers appear will mark them, leaving white spots and streaks that disfigure them badly.

Nicotine sulphate, however, will clean up this pest, or the bud clusters can be dusted with tobacco dust or nicotine powder.

Several applications may be necessary to clean up a very numerous infestation.

When potting, give each pot at least two inches of good drainage material, such as broken crocks, coarse gravel or cinders, and make up the compost of two parts of good, rich, loamy soil and one part of well-decayed cow manure with just enough sand to make it free and open.



RANUNCULI, showy, bulbous flowers belonging to the buttercup family. The plants grow about 15 or 16 inches tall and can be obtained in several varieties—both single and double.

"I REMOVE  
NICOTINE STAINS  
with JEX"



ALUMINIUM—COPPER  
—IRON—BRASS gleams  
like new when cleaned  
with JEX.



JEX cleans and polishes  
CRYSTALWARE and  
WINDOWS easily—in  
a "Jiffy."



For KITCHEN SINKS,  
whether of Stainless  
Steel or Enamelled, and  
for Lead Flashings,  
JEX is ideal.



Discoloration and  
stains on WOODWORK  
and LINO disappear  
like magic when you  
use JEX.



Here is PROOF POSITIVE that JEX will not harm the most delicate skin . . . A lady-enthusiast writes stating: "I use JEX to remove nicotine stains from my fingers" . . . Yet JEX is the most efficient of all household cleaners. Literally it is

### THE HOUSEHOLD CLEANER WITH 101 USES

JEX makes short work of the most Stubborn Stains, the Grimiest Grease, the Blackest Burns, the worst Encrustations on Aluminium or any other metal Kitchenware—and JEX Cleans and Polishes in a single, swift action! Your Bath—your Woodwork, Lino, Crystal, Glass, all regain their original "newness" after a single treatment with JEX, which cannot scratch or injure any surface.

Decide now that YOU will start a new era of easy cleaning by buying JEX today. Remember JEX can be used with any household soap.

Obtainable at grocers and stores at the cost of a FEW PENNY per packet.

"JEX"



If unobtainable locally, write for FREE SAMPLE to JEX Pty. Ltd., 450 Collins Street, Melbourne.

WHEN THINGS LOOK BLACK—use JEX

## Strain and fatigue..



bring on

## PAIN AFTER MEALS

Practically dead beat . . . almost too tired to eat . . . no wonder every meal is followed by pain and discomfort! So, when strain and fatigue are causing stomach upsets, be wise and tackle the trouble at once. The surest way to stop stomach pain, to restore appetite, to bring back healthy digestion again, is to start promptly with DeWitt's Antacid Powder. Heartburn, flatulence and

pain after meals soon go and De Witt's Antacid Powder really ensures that your food renews the reserves of strength and vitality in readiness for every demand. De Witt's Antacid Powder neutralises excess acid, soothes and protects the inflamed stomach lining and helps digest your food. That's the three-way treatment which corrects stomach trouble so quickly, safely and certainly.

Approval No. 173

**DeWitt's**  
ANTACID POWDER

Unequalled for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Gastritis and Flatulence. Prices (including Sales Tax) 2/7½, Giant size, 4/8



End stomach troubles now  
and eat what you like.  
Get your sky-blue canister  
to-day!

large sky-blue canisters,

ANTACID POWDER



Every little Rabbit,  
whether young or old —  
Is better far with "GRAVOX"  
In PIE or STEW or MOULD.

Made by KLEBERG PTY. LTD.  
MELBOURNE, VICTORIA

**GRAVOX**  
THE IDEAL  
GRAVY MAKER  
FOR ALL MEATS

AUSTRALIAN-MADE

### Dangerous Varicose Veins Can be Reduced

Never mind what people say. If you have varicose or swollen veins and want to reduce them to normal, go to any chemist and ask for an original two-ounce bottle of Moore's Emerald Oil (full strength).

Apply it to the enlarged veins as directed and improvement will be noticed in a few days. Continue its use until veins return to normal size.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

## Mr. Inner Man appointed



## Minister of Inside Information

"Wait till I get my teeth  
into it"—says New Minister

Seldom if ever has a Ministerial appointment been greeted with such acclamation. From an early hour yesterday, enormous and enthusiastic crowds collected along the approach to the Ministry's palatial buildings in Rissolo Square.

Punctually at 9.30 a roar of cheering went up as Mr. Inner Man emerged from his luxurious Sausage-Rolls, and paused to acknowledge the plaudits of the crowd. To their great delight he found time to address them briefly, and made several telling points, as, for instance, when he said:—

"This ministry has an essential function to perform. The most important item on our Prop-agenda is to bring home to every citizen in this country the Victrol Secret that MEAT NEEDS MUSTARD. Commonsense and common sense will not pass any meat dish, snack or sandwich without Keen's Mustard to make it palatable and digestible. IT IS WAR TO THE KNIFE against our national enemies—poor appetites and poor digestions. Let us set to work with relish to build up the nation's fitness and good spirits. Let us give our people the inside information they need—The Nation's MEAT is not complete without the Nation's Mustard."



\* Always mix the Mustard with cold water and allow it to stand 10 minutes before using.

but be sure you use  
**KEEN'S** D.S.F.  
**MUSTARD**

## First prize for a new SUPPER DISH

● The week's best entry in our best recipe competition—a contest open to all our readers. Try the prizewinning recipes below and then see if you haven't an interesting recipe worth sending to us. It might win a cash prize for you.

ALL you have to do to enter our exciting weekly best recipe competition is write out your recipe, attach name and address, and send to this office.

Every week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

### OYSTER PEACEMAKERS

Twenty-four oysters, 1 fresh egg, breadcrumbs, 1oz. each butter, fresh breadcrumbs, 1 cup top milk, 1 cup oyster liquor, 4 large potatoes, and 2 prawns for each peacemaker.

Wash and peel potatoes, trim into neat oval shapes and scoop out centres to leave a neat case. Then parboil. Strain and dry on a cloth, brush each with beaten egg and cover with crumbs. Bake in quick oven till crumbs are light brown, or else fry in hot fat.

To make filling boil strained oyster liquor, milk, and butter, add the crumbs and reboil if necessary, add more crumbs or liquid to make a good creamy sauce. Season well. Cut oysters in halves, put into sauce, and heat without boiling. Then pile into potato cases and put

2 shelled prawns on each. Serve very hot garnished with parsley.

First Prize of £1 to Miss J. A. Alleyne, George St., St. Peters, S.A.

### PRINCESS CAKE

Five ounces sugar, 6oz. butter, 4oz. rice flour, 4oz. plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 3 eggs, 3 tablespoons sherry, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1lb. chocolate icing, 6oz. royal icing.

Cream butter and sugar, add yolks, sherry, vanilla, then gradually sifted flour and baking powder. Fold in stiffly-beaten whites. Put into 6oz. tin lined with paper. Bake 11 hours. When cold, cover with chocolate icing and decorate with pink royal icing.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Coulter, 93 Merriwa St., Nedlands, W.A.

### HONEY CRUSH SPONGE

One cup self-raising flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 3 eggs, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon honey, 2 tablespoons milk.

Sift flour, salt, and cinnamon together. Combine butter, honey, and milk, and heat to boiling point. Beat eggs until thick and creamy. Add sugar gradually and beat until dissolved. Fold in flour mixture. Add hot liquid, stirring quickly and lightly until well blended. Have ready 2 greased and floured sandwich tins, pour in cake mixture and bake at once in hot oven. (Takes about 20 minutes.) Cool and spread plain icing between layers, and cover top with honey crust.

Honey Crust: Boil together 1 cup honey and 1 tablespoon butter for 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Cool, and pour half over cake. Allow to set, decorate with chopped walnuts, then pour over remainder of honey mixture.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Torr, Farrell's Flat, S.A.

### FORCEMEAT PIE

Two cups fresh fine breadcrumbs, 1 grated onion, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 teaspoon powdered thyme, 1 raw egg.

Rub butter and thyme into breadcrumbs and onion and bind with egg. Make into small balls and place in a pie dish. Pour in sufficient brown gravy to cover. Cover with flaky pastry and bake.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Shenton, 195 Couper St., Waverley, N.S.W.

### BRAISED STEAK WITH CARROT AND PINEAPPLE STUFFING

Two pounds thick topside steak, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 finely chopped onion, 1 egg, salt and pepper, 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, 1 carrot cut into small dice, 1 cup chopped pineapple.

Cut a good deep pocket in steak. Mix all ingredients together, bind with egg and a little milk. Stuff steak and fasten well together with skewers. Prepare 1lb. pumpkin and place in dish, cover with a layer of grated carrot, then a thin layer of peas and place steak on top. Braise for 1½ hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Maudsley, St. Georges Rd., North Fitzroy, Melbourne.

### RHUBARB DELIGHT

One and a quarter pint packets lemon jelly crystals, 2 pints sliced rhubarb, 6oz. granulated sugar, 1 gill cream, 1 gill water, 2oz. almonds.

Steam rhubarb with sugar and drain off juice. Blanch and skin almonds. Dissolve the quarter-pint packet of crystals in 4 of a gill of hot water, and when cold set a thin layer on bottom of plain mould. Decorate with almonds, halved and dipped in jelly, and when these are set cover with jelly and set again. Dissolve pint packet of crystals in hot rhubarb juice and let it cool. Mix rhubarb with the jelly. Leave until jelly is beginning to thicken, then stir in whipped cream and

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.



MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES SAYS: It's time to freshen up your furs, especially light ones like this fox coat worn by Virginia Vale, RKO. To clean white furs, sprinkle with fuller's earth or dry magnesia. Work in carefully with a clean cloth. Leave undisturbed overnight, then beat in open air until all powder is out.

### MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says

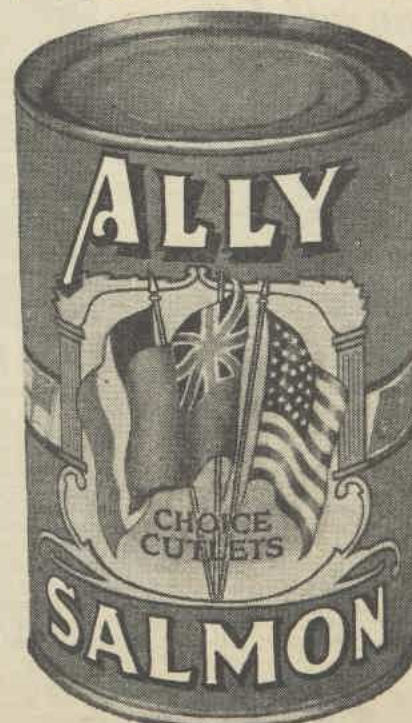
TO judge quality in fruit, remember that all the firm fruits such as grapefruit, lemons, oranges, and pineapples should be heavy in proportion to their size. Apples should be speckless. Don't buy a bunch of grapes from which one or two grapes have fallen, or shrivelled pears or blotchy peaches as they are really not worth having.

WHEN buying meat remember that lamb should have fine, firm flesh, light pink in color, and the bones pink or slightly streaked with red. The fat should be pearly white. Spring lamb is best from six weeks to three months old.

MUTTON should be a deeper red than lamb, with firm, white, flaky flesh. It is best between four and five years old.

CHEESE keeps best if wrapped in muslin in an open dish.

## BEST VALUE FOR MONEY



IT'S FLAVOUR SEALED

In quarter, half and one pound tins

## With variations— CHIFFON PIES . . .

● These pies are all that their names imply. . . . They all have that light airy deliciousness that makes them so mouth-melting. . . . They are not difficult to make and they lend themselves to unending variety. Here are some new recipes.

**T**HE usual basis of chiffon is a meringue custard lightly set with gelatine and flavored with the delicate flavor of fruits and natural essences.

The best pastry case is a light biscuit type or the uncooked crumb piecrust that can be set in the refrigerator.

### LEMON CHIFFON TART

Biscuit pastry case, 1 cup cold water, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 1-3rd cup sugar, 1-3rd cup lemon juice, 3 eggs, 1 cup sugar for egg-white, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 pint cream.

Soften the gelatine in the 1 cup water. Mix the 1-3rd cup sugar and lemon juice and stir slowly into the beaten egg-yolks. Cook very slowly over boiling water until the mixture just coats the spoon. Cool slightly and add the lemon rind and softened gelatine. Pour into a bowl and cool until the mixture begins to thicken and then whisk in the stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Pour into the baked and cooled pastry case. Chill until set and pipe whipped cream on top.

### BANANA CHIFFON

Three ripe bananas, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, squeeze lemon juice, two passionfruit, cream, finger biscuits.

Mash and pulp the three bananas and combine with the brown sugar and softened butter, lemon juice, and lemon rind. Add the beaten egg-yolks and gradually stir in the milk. Heat over boiling water for seven minutes and add the softened gelatine, stirring until dissolved. Cool slightly and fold in the stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Chill and serve in small sweet glasses topped with whipped cream and passionfruit pulp, or in a cooked biscuit pastry case garnished with piped cream.

### COFFEE CHIFFON PIE

Pastry case, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 cup clear black coffee, 1 cup milk, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, whipped cream, toasted chopped nuts.

Dissolve the gelatine in a little hot coffee. Heat remainder slowly with milk, sugar, and slightly beaten egg-yolks until the mixture coats the spoon. Cool slightly and add dissolved gelatine, and when beginning to set add the stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Pour into baked and cooled pastry case. Chill and garnish top with piped cream and toasted nuts.

### CHOCOLATE CHIP CHIFFON

Pastry case, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon cocoa or 1oz. chocolate, almond or peppermint essence, cream, 2oz. chocolate shavings.

Heat the milk and sugar and add to the beaten egg-yolks and blended cocoa or chocolate. Cook slowly over boiling water to a custard consistency. Cool slightly and add the gelatine which has been dissolved in the boiling water. Add the essence. Cool and fold in beaten egg-whites. Pour into pastry case and chill. Garnish top with whipped cream and chocolate shavings.

### PINEAPPLE CHIFFON

Biscuit pastry case, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup diced drained pineapple, 1 cup pineapple juice, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 1 or 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons cold water.

Blend the cornflour and cold water. Add the sugar and pineapple juice and cook over boiling water for 15 minutes. Stir in the beaten egg-yolk and cook a further 3 minutes. Add the pineapple, diced or shredded, and fold in stiffly-beaten egg-white. Pour into cooked pastry case and chill before covering with marshmallow topping.

**Pineapple Marshmallow Topping:** 1 cup sugar, 1 cup boiling water, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon glucose, pineapple flavoring, coloring.

Dissolve sugar and glucose in half the boiling water, and gelatine in the other half. Mix and beat until the mixture thickens. Color and flavor and pour over the chiffon.

### PUMPKIN CHIFFON PIE

Pastry case, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup cooked pumpkin, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ginger, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 cup chopped nuts.

Soften the gelatine in cold water. Combine the pumpkin with the sugar, salt, spices, beaten egg-yolks, and milk, and cook over boiling water for 10 minutes. Add the gelatine and stir until dissolved. Chill slightly and whip in the beaten egg-whites. Place in cooked cold pastry case and top with chopped nuts.

**NOTE:** This pie is even more interesting in a nut pastry case—short pastry to which chopped peanuts or walnuts have been added in mixing.

### BISCUIT PASTRY CASES

Six ounces plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 3oz. butter, 2oz. castor sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 1 tablespoon milk, if necessary.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg-yolk and lemon rind, beating well. Stir in sifted flour, baking powder, and salt, adding milk only if too dry. Turn onto lightly-floured board, knead lightly and roll to about 1-inch thickness. Line tart plate or flan case and glaze with beaten egg-white. Cook in a moderate oven (temp. 400 deg. F.) for about 10 minutes or until light brown and crisp.

### PASSIONFRUIT CHIFFON

Six passionfruit, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons self-raising flour.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the lemon rind and passionfruit pulp. Stir in the well-beaten egg-yolks and gradually whip in the milk alternately with the flour. Fold in the stiffly-beaten egg-whites and pour into a well-greased fireproof dish or uncooked pastry case. Bake in a moderate oven (temp. 350 deg. F.) for 40 minutes. Serve hot or cold.



**PASSIONFRUIT CHIFFON PIE**—a delightful variation made with passionfruit, eggs, sugar, and lemon juice. It is garnished with whipped cream and chocolate sprinkles.

**WHAT'S WRONG WITH WALLY?**  
*Usually, he's such a happy child!*

POOR little chap! He's not at all well! Something has happened to upset his sensitive little system. It may be the weather. It may be something in his diet. But whatever it is, it certainly looks as if he needs a laxative. If such is the case, make certain the laxative you choose is **GENUINE LAXETTES**. Don't, in any circumstances, try to remedy the trouble with a harsh purgative. Purgatives often do more harm than good. They cause strain and discomfort; they weaken delicate young intestinal muscles, cause loss of vitality and are accompanied by constipating after-effects.

But Laxettes are absolutely **SAFE**! They contain no harsh purgatives, no intestinal irritants. They're as mild and gentle as Nature herself, yet thoroughly effective. Get a tin today and keep it handy in your home!

LAXETTE MANUFACTURING CO.  
369 SWANSTON ST., MELBOURNE, C.I.

**Banish FAULTY ELIMINATION with Genuine LAXETTES**

**BOOKLET FREE!**  
30 Talks on Child Welfare by Sister Helen. Send 1d. stamp for postage to Laxette Company, Address Above.



*Sold in Tins at all Chemists & Stores*



# The Doctor Tells You What to do

## BLOOD PRESSURE

**P**ATIENT: Doctor, the other day some friends of mine gave me quite a scare when they were talking about blood pressure. Do you think I could be suffering from it? I know I am overweight, and I do have headaches occasionally.

Doctor: Blood pressure is a favorite topic of conversation during a lull in the hectic rush which seems to be so necessary in life to-day.

Actually the average person knows very little about the subject and these discussions often lead people

to worry needlessly over the possible state of their own blood pressure.

They put off visiting their doctor for fear of what they may or may not discover, and actually it is this continual anxiety as much as any tendency towards high blood pressure which is responsible for many cases of the complaint.

On the other hand, high blood pressure is common among persons with an entirely different outlook. These people give no thought to their health whatever.

They embark on a mode of life which taxes their constitution to the

utmost, give no thought to their food, and take insufficient sleep and rest.

As a result they are always too tired, too thin or too fat, and very often smoke too many cigarettes.

The only way to put an end either to over-anxiety about your state of health or to conditions resulting from lack of it is to visit your doctor at least once a year for a thorough examination.

Many people again, when they do visit a doctor, work themselves up into a state of nervousness which is aggravated by discussing ailments and complaints with other patients in the waiting-room.

This nervousness, combined with a fear of knowing the worst, brings about a state known as nervous blood pressure, which may cause a rise of from twenty to fifty points above normal. This is especially true of women patients.

Most young people develop a variable blood pressure at the age of eighteen or twenty, but gradually outgrow it in their late twenties or early thirties.

Actually, the time to think about your blood pressure is when you are young. How you live between twenty and forty, how you sleep, how you eat, and how you work and play will have more influence on your blood pressure when you are in your later years than anything you can do when your pressure goes up. Your later life is made or marred when you are young.

If, after visiting your doctor, you discover that you have high blood pressure, the main thing is to realise the limitations of your activities.

There is no reason why a person with increased blood pressure should not lead an almost normal life, so long as he observes a few simple rules of health.

One of the most important of these is to learn to relax and to avoid the habit of undue anxiety about small things.

### Simple rules

REGULAR living, sufficient rest and a diet based on milk, fresh fruit and vegetables, dairy products, meat and wholemeal bread also help to bring about a permanent improvement.

These simple rules, indeed, are the main protection against the development of raised blood pressure in the first place.

It is often reported that many more people suffer from the effects of high blood pressure to-day than formerly.

This may be true in a strictly literal sense, but remember that modern preventive medicine has eliminated many of the plagues and scourges which previously beset mankind, so that to-day many more people live to develop high blood pressure and other disorders of middle and later life.

So long as you do not over-estimate the strength of your constitution and maintain a genuine respect for a few elementary rules of health, you have every chance of living to a ripe old age free from the trammels of a high blood pressure.

### For young wives and mothers

#### Feeding hints

THERE are certain times when a baby or toddler does not need to be fed up to its usual food requirements.

At certain times there is a natural loss of appetite, and if food is forced on the child or it is coaxed to eat, when there is disinclination for food, a digestive upset often occurs.

At weaning time, teething time, or during recovery from any digestive attack, the diet should be modified to suit baby's digestive needs.

A leaflet dealing with this problem has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. A copy will be forwarded free if a request together with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4022 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

**Okay! Be a Wet Blanket... But I'm Going Out!**



**ALICE:** "Even if you are my sister, I think Jim's right. All you do is sit at home. You act like a grandmother!"

**SALLY:** "You wouldn't be so peppy either, if your feet hurt. I simply can't dance."

**JIM:** "Darling I haven't had such a wonderful time since we first danced together. Now, you're my best gal again!"

**SALLY:** "Thanks to my new Arch Preserver shoes! They've given me a new lease on life!"

**HOMAR** — Handsome tie with stitched vamp and throat.

**VIVIAN** — A bride trim on delightful soft suede.

**SPUR** — Novel throat step-in of suede and calf.

**SAVOY** — A graceful tie with intricate stitching.

TAKE A NEW LEASE ON LIFE... IN

**Sally ARCH PRESERVER Shoes**

MADE BY **Sally**... THE WORLD'S GREATEST NAME IN WOMEN'S SHOES

FREE! "HOW TO WALK." An amazingly interesting book by Alma Archer, America's famous authority on shapeliness. Write to Sally Shoes (Australia) Ltd., 53 Renwick Street, Redfern, Sydney.

**SELBY SHOES (Australia) LTD., 53 Renwick St, Redfern, SYDNEY**



THERE'S NOTHING Baby Sandy (Universal starlet) enjoys more than being allowed to gnaw a bone. A leaflet on feeding of babies and toddlers has been prepared by our Mothercraft Bureau. See details at foot of this page.

THE IMPERIAL IMPS PRESENT



A new delight for your family, your guests, yourself... HAMPE, Imperial's new meal-in-a-moment, is deliciously appetising and pleasantly different!

For a real taste-thrill, try Hamp'n'eggs, Hamp'e salad and toasted Hampwiches. Keep a few cans handy for mealtime variety—and ready for unexpected guests. In 8oz. and 12oz. cans, at all grocers.

Better than ham—and costs less

W. Anglin & Co. (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. Sydney.

DELICIOUS... DIFFERENT  
READY TO SERVE

**HAMPE** (Pronounced HAMP-Y)

THE NEW IMPERIAL COMBINATION  
OF MILD CURED HAM & PRIME VEAL

# DIONNE QUINS ...

show the way to  
a beautiful  
figure



**TIGHT-ROPE WALK:** With chalk-line as the rope, child walks it exactly, on tiptoe, toes turned in and heels out, to strengthen muscles supporting the feet.

**DUCK AND RABBIT:** "Duck" keeps shoulders flat. Child squats, buttocks on heels, fingers on shoulders, waddles across room. "Rabbit" hardens abdominal muscles. Child, on all fours, hops and leaps forward.

**THE CRANE:** Child faces chair, rests one heel on it, bends head forward to touch the upraised knee. Good for leg and trunk muscles. Repeats with other leg.



**THE KANGAROO:** Cecile is bent over, shoulders straight, knees stiff, poised to go hoppety hop across the room. The Quins all love doing such exercises, which are in addition to their daily activities outdoors.

• Good posture is necessary to good health in a child and lays the foundation for figure beauty in adult life. Here the Dionne Quintuplets demonstrate exercises for posture which you can teach your little girl and which she can use all through childhood years as a safeguard for future health and loveliness. The exercises are fun, too!

**THE** vigorous, healthy child is the one who holds her body well poised or balanced, whereas the child who is pale, listless, and always tired is the one who sits or stands in a slouchy, drooping position.

Good posture is important to health for both children and adults, because when the body is out of balance some part of it is likely to be forced out of its normal place or made to work under a strain. Poor health and figure defects are the result.

Active play helps—climbing, throwing balls, running, jumping. But to learn the habit of good posture the child must also strengthen the muscles that hold the body in good balance.

Suitable exercises to strengthen these special muscles do not become a chore the child seeks to avoid when made a game, with the child imitating animals or machines, as shown in these photographs and silhouettes of the Dionne Quintuplets. These exercises can begin as early as two years.



**AERO PLANE:** Marie, with shoulders straight and arms stretched out from sides, squats down and rises five times, then whirls across room, shoulders and arms still straight, like a flying machine landing, taking off, cruising. This helps keep the shoulders flat.



**THE HIPPOPOTAMUS:** Emilie got the giggles when photographed doing this, and failed to keep her shoulders straight as she thrust out her arms and bent her trunk forward to touch the tips of her shoes, imitating a hippo's huge jaws. This is an exercise for trunk muscles.



**LEFT TO RIGHT:** See-saw: Children sit on floor, clasp hands, one leans forward, other pulls back. Seal: Child flaps "fippers" by lifting arms up and down while lying on floor. Pole-walking: Done on boards forming triangle, one bare foot on each sloping side. Crab: Child lies on back, raises body, and on hands and feet tries to walk sideways.

By JANETTE



**THE ELEPHANT:** Child walks on hands and feet, legs stiff, knees unbent, head held high and swaying from side to side in imitation of way elephant swings his trunk.



**THE SCISSORS:** With child sitting straight up against wall like this, stiff legs are raised up and down alternately like cutting blades of scissors.



**THE DONKEY:** Like The Scissors, good for abdominal muscles. Child lowers head and, supporting self upon hands, kicks out with feet like unruly donkey cutting capers. Children find exercises like this great fun.



**MARBLE RACE:** Child picks up marble under toe, crosses foot over leg, uncrosses it, then places marble in a box.

## IN Defence OF GLAMOUR



Irresistibly, it's a call to arms... this new heart-stirring military red by Paul Duval. It's a come-on-men-we'll-back-you-up sort of shade that puts a swing and a swagger into your step... and HIS! Like other glamorous Paul Duval lipsticks, including Scarlet Pimpernel and Cockade, it's lustrous, long-lasting, indelible, and costs only 2/9, 3/9 and 5/9.

Matching Rouge is 2/6 and 3/6.

**BUY REFILLS AND SAVE METAL FOR MUNITIONS**  
Here's a wartime economy note! Buying refills for your Paul Duval lipstick will almost halve your lipstick costs, and save valuable metal for munitions! Refills cost you only 1/9, 2/9 and 3/9.

AN ALL-BRITISH PRODUCT

### GRENADIER RED

LIPSTICK BY

paul Duval

NOW AVAILABLE AT EXCLUSIVE STORES AND AT ALL CHEMISTS THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

A Paul Duval powder blending bar also at DAVID JONES LTD., SYDNEY and the Paul Duval Salon, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney





**1. WHAT CAN YOU DO** about that dingy dark-stained cupboard? Here's Anne Stewart's answer. Dynamel it! Cambridge Blue for the outside, White Dynamel Inside. You'll get a mighty pleasant surprise when you see how Dynamel transforms that handy old cupboard—the whole room!



**2. THOSE OLD VERANDAH CHAIRS** your decorating problem? Well, look here. You can have them like brand spanking new again in no time when you treat them to a gleaming Dynamel finish. And you'll find that Dynamelling is as easy as sweeping the floor, or any of your regular household jobs—and much more fascinating.



**3. JUST TO PROVE** how much easier Dynamelling is, try this quick trick for your kitchen. Dynamel that chipped and shabby-looking set of canisters. You can get Dynamel in hobby size tins that are just the thing for little jobs like this.

*Anyone can do a good job with DYNAMEL*

**DYNAMEL IS BETTER THAN ENAMEL.** It dries twice as fast. Twice as hard. Never a streak. Never a brushmark. You get a mirror-smooth finish first time.

Use **SOLPAH**  
for all walked-on surfaces

*So quick  
and  
Easy*  
to make  
your home  
colorful with  
**DYNAMEL**



**4. DYNAMEL WILL GIVE** a new lease of life to that shabby old ice-chest. Dynamel is splashproof, easy as A.B.C. to keep spotlessly clean. And to give the inside of the ice-chest a smart, hygienic finish, ask for Taubman's pure, odorless Inside Ice-Chest White.



**5. NOW YOU CAN SEE** what a difference Dynamel will make to that dingy, dark-stained shaving cabinet in the bathroom. And when you see how far one small tin of Dynamel goes, you'll realise that it's the economical way to bring color magic into every room in your house.

**6. DYNAMEL THAT LITTLE TABLE** and you'll have a smart new modern occasional table — for practically nothing! Remember, Dynamel never leaves a streak or a brushmark. It smooths itself out as you brush—and that's the chief difference between Dynamel and ordinary enamels.



**FREE!**

**TWO BOOKS ON HOME DECORATION**

Anne Stewart, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney.  
Please send me free your enlarged book "The Colorful Home", together with "Harmony in the Kitchen". I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover postage and handling.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

# No. 10 DOWNING STREET



CORNER of the beautiful gold panelled reception room at No. 10 Downing Street, showing Mrs. Randolph Churchill, the Churchills' daughter-in-law, at the telephone. The big picture is by an early 18th century English painter.

THE PALE yellow drawing-room with view of sitting-room beyond. Mrs. Winston Churchill is sitting on edge of sofa upholstered in rose brocade. In background is a fine Coromandel screen.

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, our Special Representative in London

HERE are pictures of the interior of No. 10 Downing Street, the famous home of England's Prime Ministers.

It is here that England's present Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, lives with his wife.

The interior decoration of No. 10 Downing Street is pleasant, charmingly tasteful and restful, many of the color schemes being in pastel tones, greens, yellows.

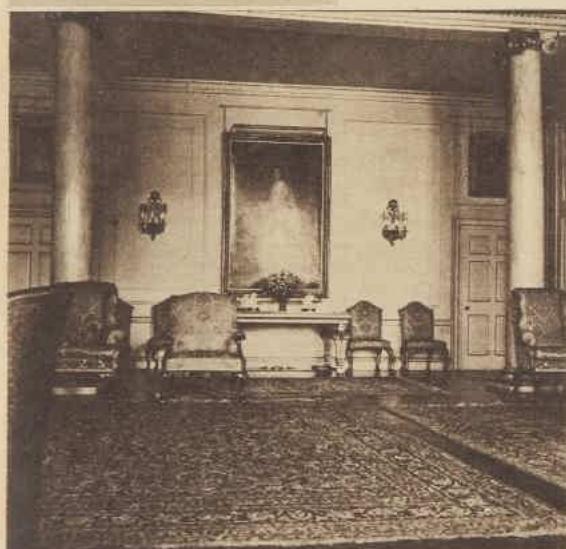
A feature of the reception rooms are the beautiful crystal chandeliers.



THIS CORRIDOR, hung with paintings by the Prime Minister, has the charming atmosphere of a country house.



MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S green and yellow sitting-room. Walls and carpet are pale green; woodwork yellow. Picture of Prime Minister is by Orpen.



THE GOLD panelled reception room, which is supported by gold marble pillars. Paintings by 18th century artists adorn the walls, the Old World chairs are covered with brocade, and the enormous carpets are Persian.



MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL at her writing desk in her sitting-room at No. 10 Downing Street. The picture in the corner of a girl's head is a painting of Mrs. Churchill's mother when young, by Watts.

## Indian Summer

For those sunny days when there's a crisp tang in the air Spectator Sportswear has all the answers! Frocks and suits superbly tailored, to wear in town and out-of-town with emphasis on exclusive materials, exciting accessories and distinctive colours. Who would dream that such miracles of good taste could be so reasonable?



• All good shops stock Spectator Sportswear, write us and we'll tell you the name of the one nearest you.

**Spectator**  
sportswear  
CREATED BY LUCAS

E. LUCAS & CO. PTY. LTD., 27 FLINDERS LANE, MELBOURNE

.. HERE IS THE SECRET OF ITS FLAVOR !



Only  
the tiny  
Tea Bud tips—

and slow careful curing  
seals the juicy sap, giv-  
ing you in every packet  
of Bushells, the Tea of  
finer flavor that is most  
delicious.  
Buy a packet to-day.

# Bushells

## THE TEA OF FLAVOR